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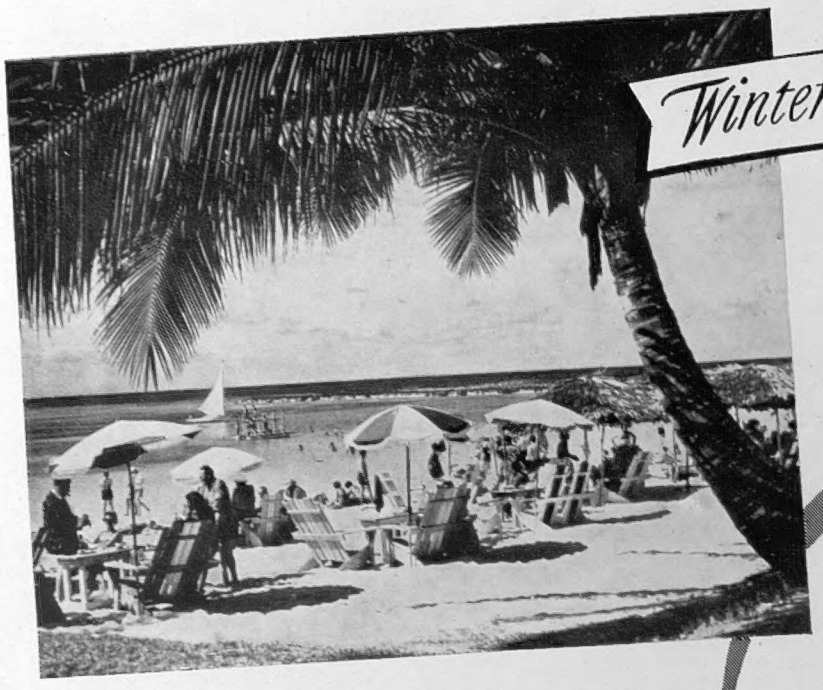

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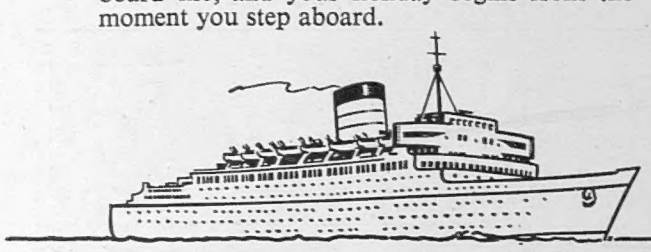

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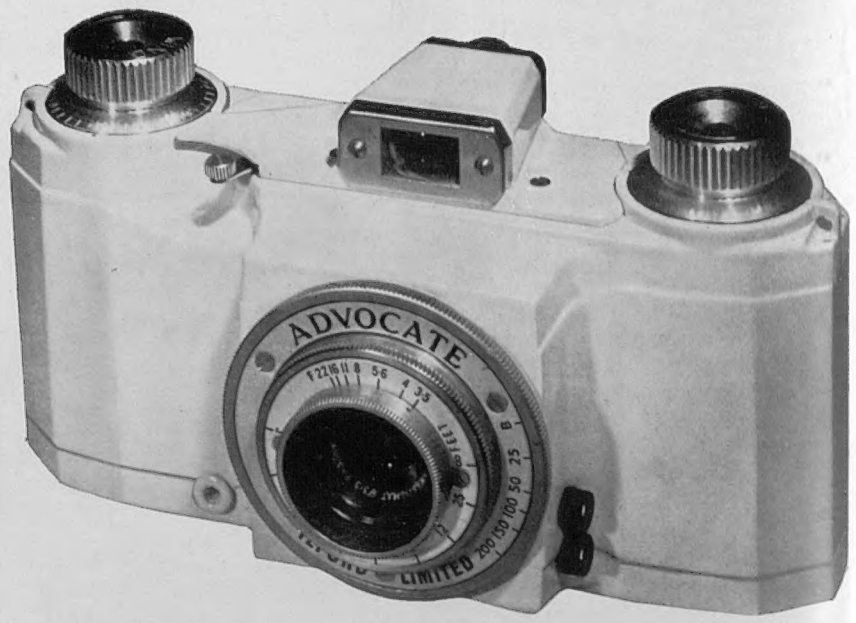

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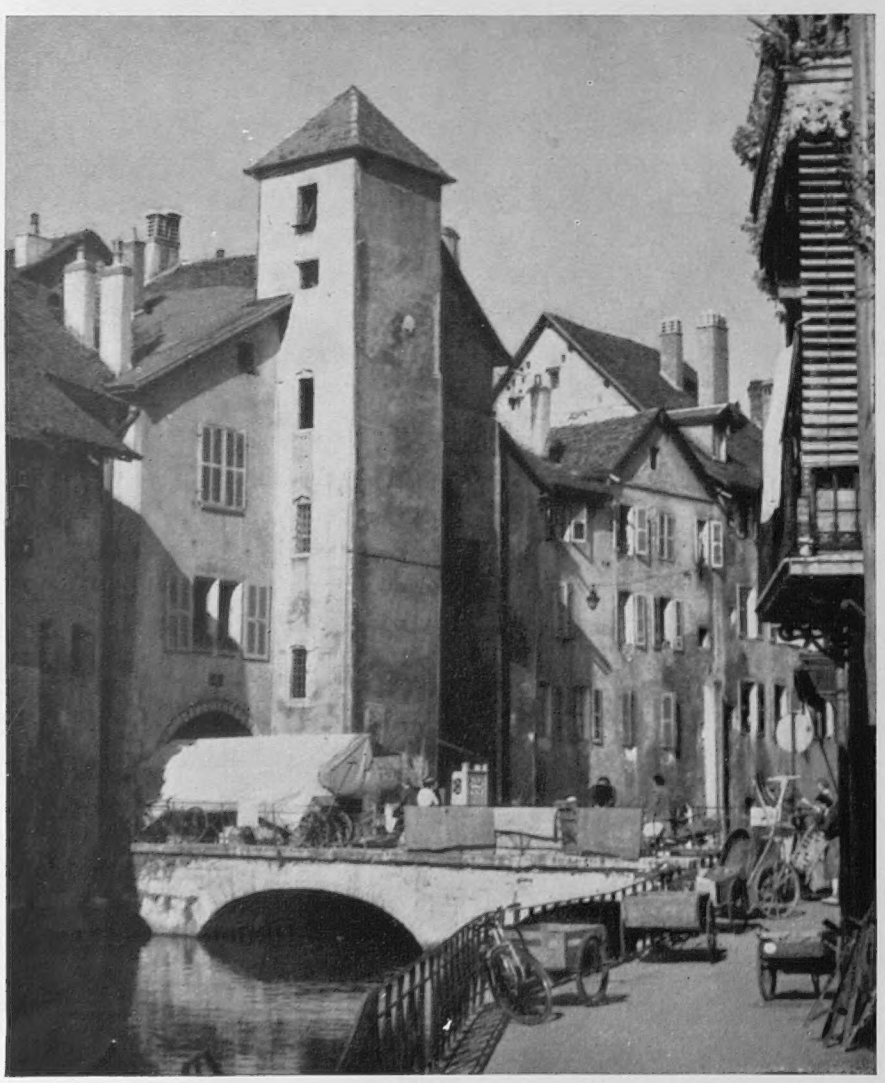

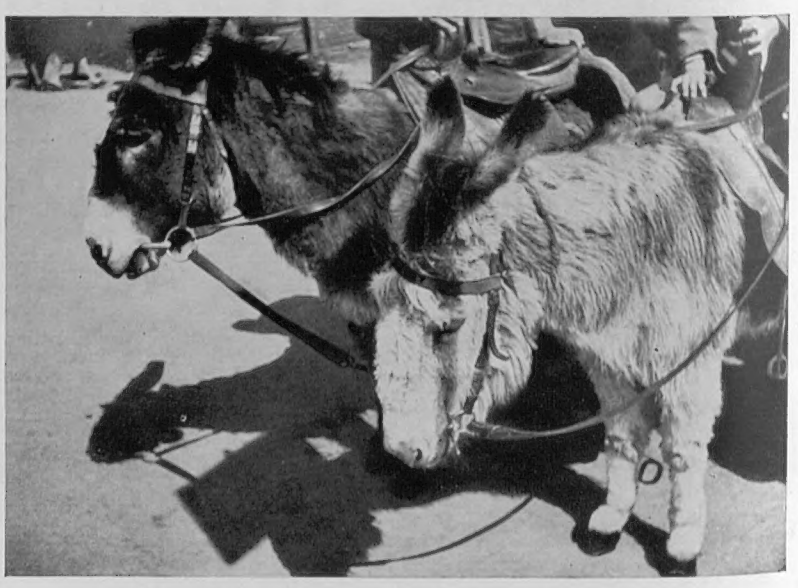

Volume CCXVIII No. 2845 The SPHERE, London, August 21, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE FOR THIRTY-SEVEN PEOPLE—THE FOAM-COVERED WRECKAGE OF THE VIKING AIRCRAFT WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE AT BLACKBUSHE AIRFIELD, HAMPSHIRE, LAST SUNDAY: All thirty-two passengers and crew of five were able to leave the plane before the flames enveloped the machine. It caught fire as it made a forced landing at the airfield, shortly after taking off on a flight to Nice and Italy; the return had been made necessary by an engine defect.

All those travelling in a Viking air liner from Blackbushe Airport, Hampshire, last Sunday, escaped serious injury when the plane crash-landed before reaching a runway, after being forced to return with engine trouble soon after taking-off for Nice. Passengers had noticed oil leaking from the starboard engine and the pilot decided to return to his base for repairs. The airport was informed and fire engines and ambulances were ordered to stand by. Meanwhile, in the Viking, the air hostess, Miss Beryl Rothwell, informed the passengers of the situation and all safety-belts were fastened. As the plane reached the airfield it undershot the runway, struck a low earth-bank, turned round and then burst into flames on the starboard side. Miss Rothwell immediately told the passengers to release their belts and leave by way of the rear door on the port side; at the same time the crew jumped from the emergency window exit. While this operation was in progress the firemen were able to restrict the fire to the starboard side, but as soon as Miss Rothwell had jumped from the machine, the flames roared through the aircraft and it was reduced to ruins. Passengers praised the crew, and especially Miss Rothwell, for their efforts in averting a major disaster. The Viking was owned by Airwork Ltd., an independent air operating company, and was chartered at the time of the accident by the National Association of Local Government Officers.

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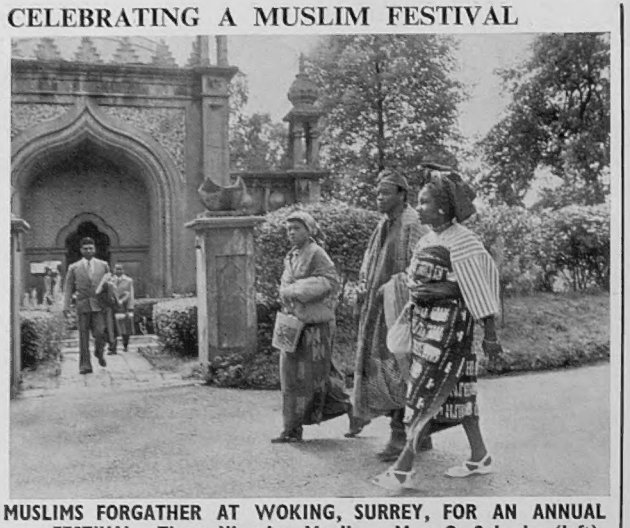
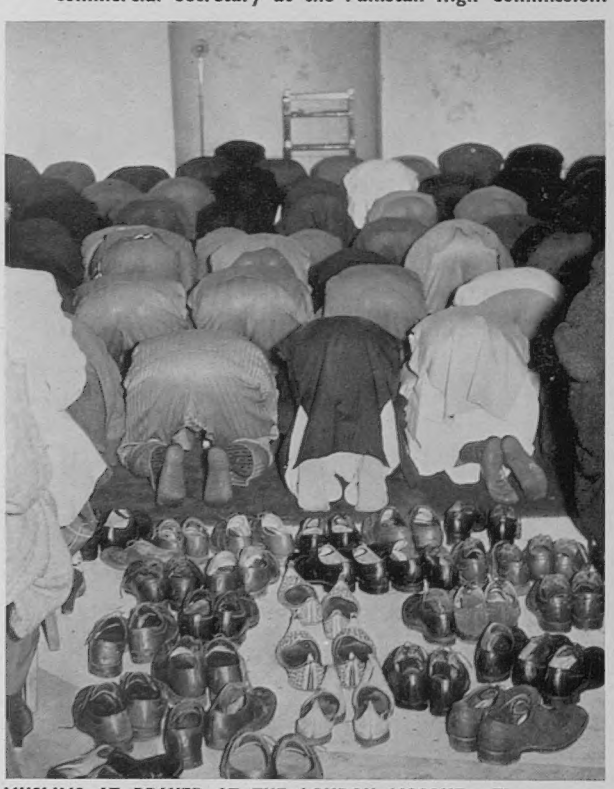
CELEBRATING A MUSLIM FESTIVAL



MUSLIMS FORGATHER AT WOKING, SURREY, FOR AN ANNUAL FESTIVAL : Three Nigerian Muslims, Mrs. O. Solanke (left) ; Mr. A. G. F. Razaq, and Miss Raliatu Sanni (who is here to study dress-making), seen arriving at the Shah Jehan Mosque, for the Festival of Eid-ul-Adha, which took place last week on the 10th of the month of the pilgrimage to Mecca. This important Festival in the Muslim year commemorates the trial of Abraham's faith, especially when he was tempted to offer his son as a sacrifice.

TWO YOUNG PILGRIMS TO WOKING : Zamzam Khan, aged six, and Shahrukh Khan, aged three, seen removing their shoes before prayers. They are the children of the Commercial Secretary at the Pakistan High Commission.



MUSLIMS AT PRAYER AT THE LONDON MOSQUE : The sermon here was preached by Zahur Ahmed Bajwa, Imam of the Mosque, who spoke at length on the life of Abraham, "the object of wide and universal respect and reverence in the eyes of millions of people, both in the East and West."

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Flight of the Doves.—"We are in favour of world peace," Mr. Attlee said before his party set off for Russia and China. (And so say all of us.) It is the perfect bromide. Nor did he think that their visit to China need "annoy" America. Again, I agree ; I think it a good thing that English politicians and industrialists should visit China and Russia and many other *terrae incognitae* and I can't believe that sensible Americans can disagree. Mr. Bevan, more inclined to show his cards, blamed elements in America for risking the driving of the Chinese Revolution into isolation on the Russian pattern. The party should have a pleasant round trip, rather hurried except during banqueting hours. As Mr. Attlee pointed out, it 's a private party. "We are not the Government" (though we hope soon to be so). And the private party are in holiday mood and have left their own party differences at home. They are all pleasant, likeable people and will have plenty of jokes and friendly arguments in the air. And when they come back, they will all be experts in the House on matters concerning Russia and China. One and all, they will speak from recent personal experience of "inside" Russia and "inside" China. And some of their notebooks may make text-books and best-sellers. Their hosts are assisting them to see all that they ought to see. I wish them a pleasant trip and happy landings.

Atom War Armies.—The Army chiefs were recently at home to the Press and described the nature of our Army under nuclear warfare. Mr. Head and Sir John Harding naturally released a number of time-worn bromides. The Press expect that. As examples : "The main problem for us will be to make the enemy present good targets while avoiding presenting good targets for him." Senlac and Crécy must have presented us with the same problem. "The Army will require to develop an aggressive spirit, self-reliance and endurance." So it was at Agincourt and the soldier's battle in the Peninsula. Having fired off the bromide broadsides, the pundits got down to brass-tacks. There are too many weapons which our soldiers must carry and learn to use at present. They must be thinned out. The transport must be slashed. The soldier's weapon must be, in chief, his F.N. rifle (a combined rifle, Sten and light machine-gun) ; he must be lightly equipped (so as to be tough and inquisitive) and his stuff must come forward in helicopters. Heavy lorries and heavy tanks are off ; they present good targets. It is grand that we are to get a new look based not on the late war or the Boer War, but on the next war. But the next war must not come for at least three years or we shall be caught with our trousers down. I hope the enemy will take note of that.

Business Done.—The holiday-maker is entitled to look with satisfaction on the miracles accomplished by diplomacy in the last few weeks. Perhaps he may pack up his troubles in the old kit-bag (not wanted on the voyage) and decide that our nuclear army may be ready *before* it is wanted. For the picture of the warring world to-day is extraordinarily more hopeful than it was in the spring. The business done (on paper, if not definitively in all cases) is remarkable. The fighting has died down, hate grows more silent. There is peace of a sort in Korea and Indo-China, Malaya is more hopeful, Mau Mau less active. The Canal Zone question is settled on paper and Egypt is our brother. The Anglo-Persian oil dispute is settled, and a new prosperity and fellowship open for Britain and Persia and the Oil Kings. England is preparing to accommodate at last a fine, tactical reserve army drawn from the Canal Zone and even from Trieste. Last spring none of these matters was settled. Few of them looked capable of settlement for years. Look upon this picture and that and you rub your eyes and declare that the age of miracles is not past. But, of course, if you look at the bill for the purchase of the new picture, you may conclude that our National Gallery acquired it in a sellers' market. We have sacrificed sacrificially some considerable assets to acquire the new purchase. Put the Canal Zone installations and the oil interests at Abadan each at £350,000,000—a figure which will serve the purpose of percentage calculations—and we have to confess that, though diplomacy has done its best, hard bargaining has done poorly for us, though perhaps not so poorly as was first announced. We have paid and will pay through the nose for our diplomatic triumphs. But we clutch at a straw for a care-free holiday and we have a wealth of colour for an easy optimism.

Old Lady Shows Her Medals.—For Britain herself is beginning to look up and demand notice. Perhaps it is proof of the rightness of moral saws. "The more we give, the more we have" ; "the meek shall inherit the land" ; and so on. Anyway, we need not clutch at straws to find a bumper rick at home. The statistics reveal that employment cannot stand higher than to-day. The 1 per cent of unemployed is unemployable. The retailers are in clover. Every commodity is selling like hot cakes, from cars and T.V. sets to furniture and furnishings. There is a boom on 'Change, and money to burn is available for investment, and share prices rise steadily. Production is high, exports satisfactory, inflation still checked. There is expectation that the pound will be freed before Christmas and high hopes of tax reduction next spring. The cost of living is pegged. And there are medals for sport and games. The Old Lady tottered in first in the Empire Games at Vancouver against the challenge of all her children and grandchildren of all tongues and hues, and the Ashes

DR. JOHN GIVES HIS REASONS

PRESS CONFERENCE IN EAST BERLIN : Dr. Otto John, the West German Intelligence Chief, who fled to East Germany on July 20, last week gave his reasons to the Press. His main object was to speak up against, and draw attention to, the numbers of Nazis who were creeping back to power under Chancellor Adenauer. When asked why he did not make his protest in some Western capital, he said that he was convinced that a man could only carry on effective political propaganda inside his own country. There was no question of Dr. John being taken by force to the Eastern Zone, and he emphatically denied at the conference—which was arranged by the Soviet-sponsored Committee for German Unity—that he was a Communist.

of English cricket are fanned to a steady flame again. The Old Country 's finished ? While I pack up for a holiday, I doubt if the Old Country is so engaged. It looks as if she had something coming to her—perhaps even summer. But, of course, a sudden thunderstorm can put paid to an English summer after one day of it, and thunderstorms are always brewing in this sultry world of ours.

Full Circle.—Lord Mountbatten is fifty-four and has already played many parts, including the last holding of a post once deemed the highest in the hierarchy next to that of Premier. It is said that his "life's ambition" is to become First Sea Lord. I do not know where in the hierarchy that post ranks to-day. It would not formerly have ranked above Viceroy of India. Be that as it may, the post of First Sea Lord may be his ; when he relinquishes the Mediterranean Command. If so, it seems certain that the man who, as First Lord of the Admiralty, appointed Lord Mountbatten's father as First Sea Lord in 1912, and was compelled to "accept his resignation" in 1914, will as Premier approve the son's appointment to that office forty years after. If the appointment is made, a Tory Government will sponsor it, and it may be assumed that there will be no Opposition objections.

A "free vote of the House" would presumably be a plumper. The dismissal (Anglice, "resignation") of Prince Louis remains in public memory and conscience one of those disgusting evidences of panic-injustice which seize this country when wars break out, and spy mania becomes a foolish obsession which interns faithful old Austrian cooks and kicks out the best and most loyal public servants indiscriminately.

Fair Game.—I know nothing I detest more than biographies of living persons which, because the subjects are alive, must be living lies or half-truths, and accordingly valueless, except as propaganda or patently written for profit. That is true whether the subject be a Royalty or a commoner, a septuagenarian or a child. Yes, perhaps there is one thing more loathsome, and that is "inspired" talk about the engagement of some well-known young woman, and that is true of Princesses, village girls and socialites. (Film stars, perhaps, are fair game. They encourage it and it is good publicity.) The decision to marry is never easy and every girl is entitled to privacy when her time comes to decide. There is absolutely no justification for the excuse that the public is entitled to discuss the private affairs of any girl because she may happen to be a public figure. And those who exploit this "best-selling" nastiness are perfectly aware that their excuse is hollow hypocrisy. It is a sad reflection on our reputation for loving fair play that so few "readers" protest against this practice or brand the editors and their sleuths who dog the trail of Royalties and other "news-item" people, peer into windows, hide in bushes, and serve up sensation based on peeps and guess-work. Fair game? In one sense; but not fair play. It is foul play, and I suspect that there is *nostalgie de la boue* in all too many of us.

A New Road North.—Let us take the road—north. Once more with hope that a few more bits of by-pass will shorten the journey to Scotland. I am tired of poor old A 1. It never seems to wear a new look. Take Oxford as a starting-point. Take Kendal as a half-way house. From Kendal via Carlisle you have a quick and easy run to Edinburgh. Now the shortest road-route between Oxford and Kendal is only 212 miles. But who would take that shortest route in August in Wakes time, with the Blackpool traffic cutting your line at every east-west road and the West Midland and Lancashire manufacturing towns running into each other over 100 miles? Last year it took me half an hour to get through Wigan during an August week-end. No; you must bear east and take the old, dreary A 1 through Doncaster to turn west only at Wetherby. For even the Leeds by-pass by-passes very little of the great wen of industrial England. And if you use that section of A 1 from Bawtry to Wetherby you add 45 miles to the 212, whatever the books may say. The speedometer does not lie (except when a car is being sold). The new road I want must be a fly-over speed track from Lichfield to Preston. But I fear I shall not live to drive over it non-stop at 60 m.p.h.

A Modest Young Potato.—I slept the other night with a modest young potato. Someone had asserted in print (and if a thing is printed it *must* be true) that anyone suffering from lumbago had only to introduce into his bed a potato (uncooked, unscraped, unwashed, old or young) and he would wake . . . cured. His lumbar would be limber again, and instantly. I don't want to be accused of "silly season" levity, but the fact that I am on holiday and away from my files *is* my excuse for not naming the author of this specific. I am prone to lumbago and to the superstitions of primitive men, and such cures as I have experienced have usually been faith cures. So I chose my potato with care and went to bed with it. But my lumbar did not become limber and I had a troubled night. Perhaps I am allergic to potatoes; perhaps a not-too-French French bean would have done the business for me. Or one of those enormous parsnips which won us a first prize at our village flower show. But don't run away with the idea that I ridicule this cure. It just didn't happen to cure me. I remain, in matters of cure, a firm believer in simples, and in simple faith which is often better than Norman blood and all Harley Street.

The Sun is Set.—The last words recorded of Mr. Inglesant, sometime servant to King Charles I, were these: "The sun is set, but it will rise again. Let us go home." According to Mr. Valentine Lee, he said the words cheerfully. I echo them not so cheerfully, and I am leaving home. The sun is set. I have forgotten what it looked like. It set months ago and I believe it no longer exists. And whether or no it hid its face because of those nuclear explosions, it is sound sense to tell everyone we know that that is the cause of all our meteorological misery. I don't expect to pick up traces of this old favourite of mine at Wigan or in the Grampians.

THE OLD STAGER

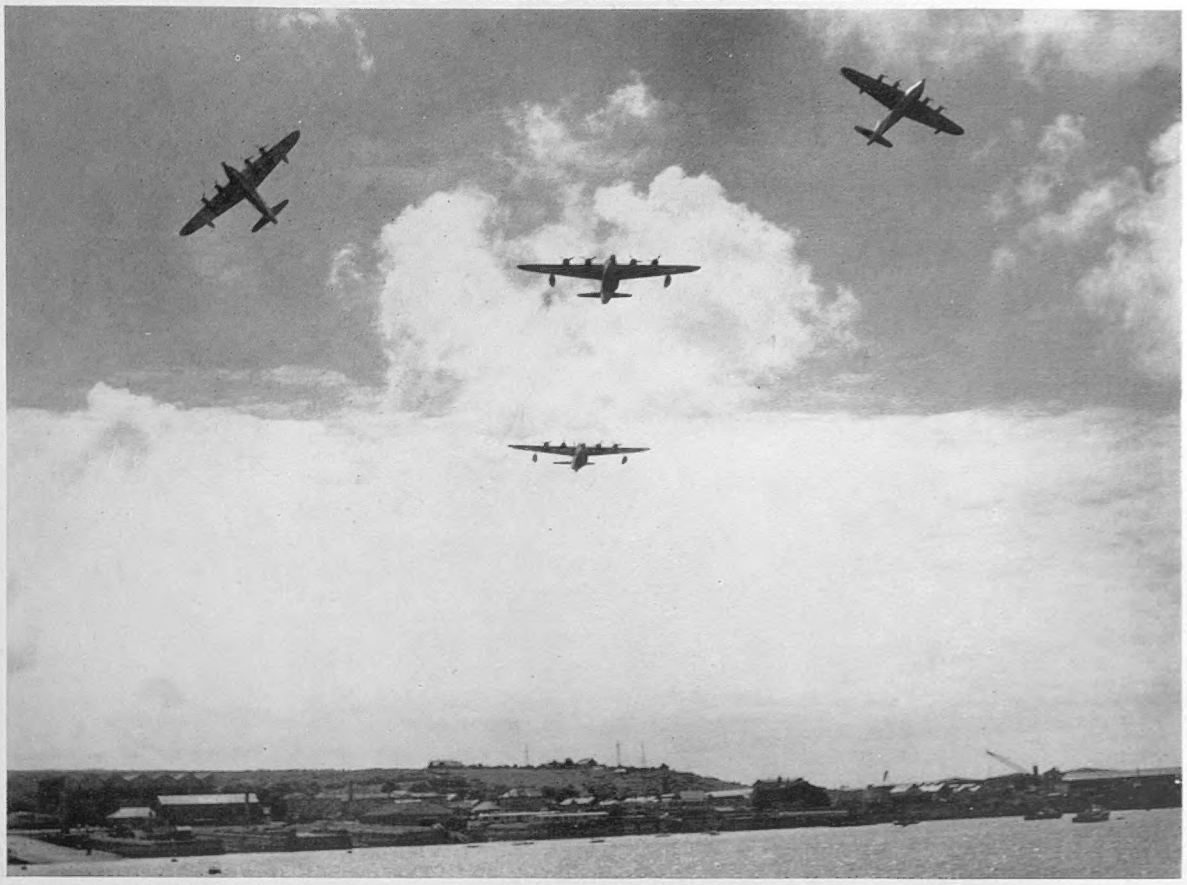
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

SCOTLAND SHOWS HER RICHES

George Blake describes the Scottish Industries Exhibition, 1954, which opens on Thursday, September 2, at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

With Special Drawings by Tom Taylor

THE RETURN OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION



COMING IN TO LAND ON THE WATERS OF MILFORD HAVEN: Four Sunderland flying-boats, carrying the main party of the British North Greenland Expedition, seen just before touching-down at the end of the flight from Reykjavik. Earlier, the twenty-five explorers had left their base at Young Sound, in Queen Louisa Land, on the great Greenland ice-cap, where they had arrived from Britannia Lake, after they had spent two years on scientific exploration. *On right*—Watched by his colleagues, the leader of the party, Commander C. J. W. Simpson, R.N., prepares to go ashore. Among those waiting to greet the men was Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, Chairman of the expedition committee. Some of the members of the expedition were civilians and some servicemen. In an interview the leader said that the expedition had accomplished all they had set out to do "in completely unexplored territory." "We know," he said, "the ice of Greenland is melting, and we hope the data brought back will help the experts to find out the rate at which it is disappearing." It will then be known whether Greenland is the world's largest island, or many islands joined together by a great layer of ice 10,000 ft. deep.

HOME IN THE THAMES AFTER A DOUBLE CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC

THE CONVERTED LIFEBOAT "ARIES," PASSING THROUGH THE LOCK GATES AT TEDDINGTON AFTER CROSSING FROM NEW YORK IN TWENTY-FOUR DAYS: She then went on to Kingston-on-Thames, where the Deputy Mayor, Alderman E. R. Canham, gave the men a civic welcome. The *Aries*, a 61-ft. craft which was formerly the Padstow lifeboat *Princess Mary*, has now crossed the Atlantic in both directions. Skippered by Mr. Cecil Harcourt-Smith, R.N., Rtd., who bought the craft in 1952, she left Kingston on May 22 and arrived in New York thirty-three days later; the return voyage was made in twenty-four days. Before the Atlantic crossings the *Aries* was fitted with new engines. The other members of the crew were Lieut.-Commander Thomas Hight, R.N.V.R.; Sub-Lieut. Edwin Skelton, and eighteen-year-old David Foden.

ON THE FIRST DAY OF GROUSE SHOOTING—A COVEY FLIES OVER THE BUTTS: The "Twelfth" on Viscount Swinton's Yorkshire shoot on Potmoor, Grimes Ghyll, near Ripon. Prospects for the grouse-shooting season were considered very poor, and the results of the "Twelfth" did little to alter the dismal forecasts. Mainly as a result of the cold and wet weather, promising hatches in Yorkshire became the victims of pneumonia and other ailments, while in some cases the birds actually starved.

INGLORIOUS "TWELFTH"

The Grouse-shooting Season Opened with Forecasts of Poor Prospects, and the First Day Confirmed These Dismal Forebodings

This year's weather was said to have wreaked such havoc among birds on the moors of Scotland and the North of England that nothing but the gloomiest forebodings were heard before the beginning of the grouse-shooting season. The "Twelfth," unfortunately, only confirmed the sad tidings. Bags were poor, and on many shoots in Scotland the season did not even begin. The main reason for the poor prospects is the heavy and prolonged rainfall in May and early June, accompanied by exceptionally cold weather. Apart from those birds which suffered from the weather conditions, some starved to death as the heather was extremely late on many of the moors. In Scotland there is an additional hardship caused by vermin, among them the hoodie crow, which destroys eggs. It is possible that the shoots in the previous two seasons were rather too heavy, so that, coupled with the misfortunes caused by nature this year, there are simply not enough birds to produce good coveys for sport this year.

FIVE GUNS ON VISCOUNT SWINTON'S SHOOT: Standing behind their bag after the first day's shooting are (from left) Mr. Ralph Scrope, Viscount Swinton, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations; Mr. R. W. Thompson, Major E. A. D. Collins and Sir Thomas Dugdale, who resigned last month his office of Minister of Agriculture.

THE MORNING'S BAG IN PERTHSHIRE: The lunchtime scene on Mr. F. Peshall's shoot at Glen Quaich, near Amulree. Gillie Robert Murdoch is seen putting some of the morning's bag into one of the panniers which is carried by Donald, a pony thirty years old.

AFTER THE DRIVE: Major E. A. D. Collins and Sir Thomas Dugdale, at left, watching the birds being packed after the first drive over Potmoor. On the right some of the finer points of shooting are being imparted to Sir Thomas Dugdale's fourteen-year-old son James.

On left—

AT GLEN CALLY, ANGUS: Keeper Ian McIver, assisted by Peter Brown, taking grouse from the pannier on the hill pony. One of the features of the shoot at Glen Cally was the presence of visitors from the Continent, who were entertained by the Comte de Boisgelin. In many parts of Scotland no guns at all were out on the "Twelfth," and shooting was delayed by days and even weeks owing to the poor condition of the coveys.

PERTHSHIRE POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS : Competitors in the trials marching across the moors at Cromlix, Dunblane. On the extreme right is Mr. J. Arthur Rank, the film magnate. The pointer and setter trials were held to mark the opening of this year's grouse-shooting season.

ON A YORKSHIRE MOOR : The Duke of Devonshire's party on Hazlewood Moor, near Bolton Abbey. Here, as elsewhere in Yorkshire, the prospects of good bags were said to be not too good, though in the north of the county conditions were said to be slightly better and the outlook brighter.

OVER THE MOORS : Mr. J. Arthur Rank leading the way over a narrow bridge across a burn on the Perthshire moors at Cromlix. With him are other competitors and their pointers and setters in the Championship Stakes of the trials on the "Twelfth" which were arranged by the Scottish Field Trials Association.

On left—

THE BEATERS MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS HAZLEWOOD MOOR : The line of beaters seen steadily working this section of the Bolton Abbey moors. Many fledglings starved to death because the heather was in some places several weeks late, while others were lost in thunderstorms in May. But there are reports of a surprising quantity of grouse astir in northern Yorkshire and on some moors in Westmorland.

THE FIRST DRIVE ON THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S ESTATE : Among the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing, and the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P. (who are seen together in the foreground at right) ; Sir Richard Sykes, Mr. B. van Cutsen, and Mr. E. E. Hey.

TIME OFF FOR THE LOADERS : A line of loaders resting by a wall on Hazlewood Moor. Behind them can be seen one of the ponies, which were later used by the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. On the "Twelfth" there were eight guns in the party, and the day's shooting produced a bag of 18½ brace.

NEWS FROM EAST AND WEST

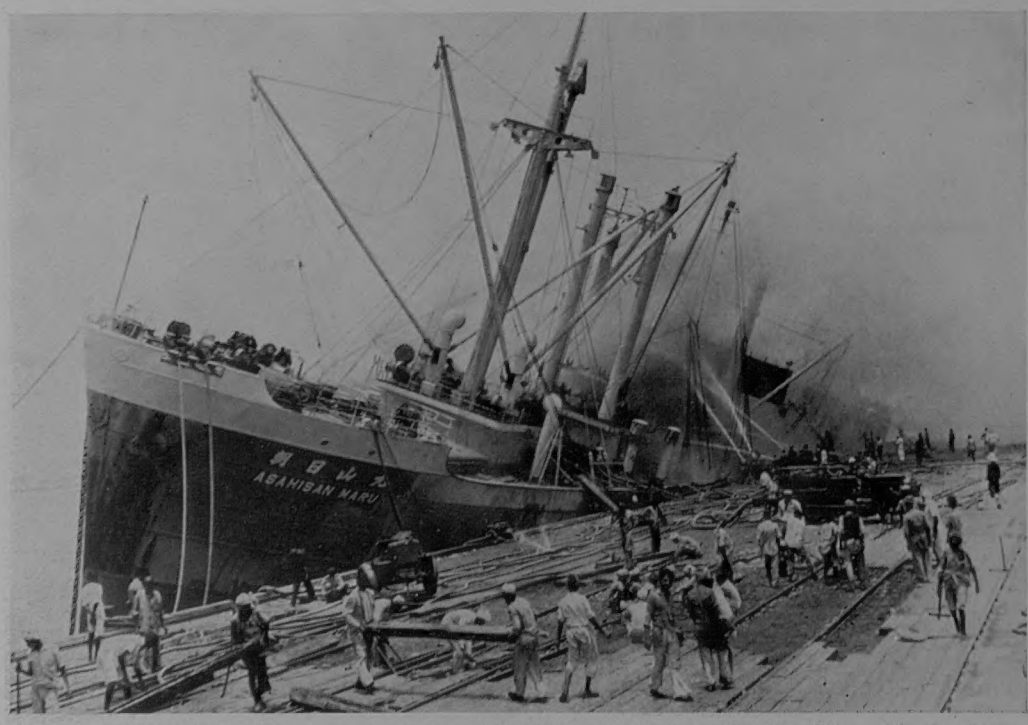
A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ASIA, EUROPE AND AMERICA

On left—

THE AFTERMATH OF THE TRAGIC FLOOD IN PERSIA: A corner of the village of Sirdan, in Northern Persia, after the floodwaters had receded. It was here that the floods were reported to have penetrated a mine-shaft and drowned twenty-eight people. Nearly 500 bodies have been recovered from villages around Kazvin and Teheran, and some 10,000 people are homeless and face starvation. Rescue workers, finding the roads washed away, are making their way laboriously to the scene of the disaster along the ancient caravan routes, riding camels and donkeys. Adding to the terrors of flood and starvation are prowling leopards and other wild animals, who have come down from their lairs in the mountains. The floods, which are unprecedented, are attributed to the record rainfalls in Northern Persia this summer. Pouring down from the mountains, the flooded rivers have wreaked untold havoc as the local populations found themselves immersed in water and mud. Emergency measures have been taken by the Persian Government to bring relief to the victims.

COCKTAILS TO CEMENT THE BALKAN MILITARY ALLIANCE: A relaxed group at the reception in Bled, which followed the signing of the Military Alliance between Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey. From left are Mrs. Tito, Mr. Stephen Stephanopoulos, the Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Fuad Köprülü, the Turkish Foreign Minister, and Marshal Tito. Toasts to the treaty of alliance, political co-operation and mutual assistance were drunk in Yugoslav champagne. The military alliance, which is to last twenty years, provides for mutual support, if necessary with armed force, between the three countries. It is expected to supplement N.A.T.O. in South-East Europe, and will place at the disposal of the treaty countries a combined force of over 1,500,000 troops.

REDUCING OVERHEADS AT NIAGARA FALLS: Workmen preparing for the blasting operations which are to send another 3,000 tons of overhanging rock crashing into the gorge below. A trickle of water can already be seen splashing through the gap between these rocks at Prospect Point. It was here that some 185,000 tons of rock crumbled away and crashed into the gorge 170 ft. below with a roar that could be heard for miles around. In an effort to make Prospect Point, for long a favourite point of vantage for viewing the Niagara Falls, safe again, engineers are drilling for dynamite charges, so that eventually the overhanging chunk of rock which is seen in the centre can be carried away.



FIRE IN KARACHI HARBOUR: A tangle of hosepipes litters the quay as firemen fight with the flames from the holds of the 8,200-ton Japanese cargo-ship, *Asahisan Maru*. The master of the vessel declared that the fire in the harbour of Pakistan's capital was caused by "air combustion." Fifteen hours after the fire had broken out, the ship began to sink. The *Asahisan Maru* was fully loaded, ready to carry a cargo of cotton, rice, rubber, oil and timber to Tokyo.

SHIPWRECKED WHEN THE PIER LIGHT WENT OUT: The 1,177-ton British steamer *Spanker*, from Newcastle, lying athwart the North Pier at the Hook of Holland, where it was badly holed after running on the breakwater there. The accident occurred when the pier light was extinguished, and although a warning was broadcast, it did not reach the vessel in time. The master of the ship, Captain Cleugh, stayed aboard after the crew of eighteen had been taken off, despite the fact that each wave from a very rough sea threatened the complete break-up of the *Spanker*.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ATHENS JOINS THE CLAMOUR FOR ENOSIS: Archbishop Spyridon presiding over a meeting of the Panhellenic Committee for Enosis, the union of Cyprus and Greece. With him are university professors, ex-Ministers and City Councillors. The Panhellenic Committee called on the Greek people to take part in a monster demonstration for Enosis. Since the British Government's statement that it could not contemplate any change in the status of Cyprus, the activities of those concerned with promoting union with Greece have been redoubled. On the other hand, it was announced in Cyprus that the law of sedition would be strictly enforced against Cypriot newspapers, even as far as prosecuting newspapers which carried speeches in favour of Enosis. This announcement was severely criticised in this country.

A GIANT AMERICAN FREIGHTER FROM A JAPANESE SHIPYARD: The *Ore-Transport*, one of two 60,000-ton freighters recently completed, seen at the shipyards in Kure, Japan. An American firm, the National Bulk Carriers Inc., of Norfolk, Virginia, has a ten-year lease of the shipyards, which in 1945 turned out the biggest Japanese battleship ever built, the 72,000-ton *Yamato*. Under the joint direction of a Japanese and an American yard manager, the Kure shipyards are turning out these huge cargo-ships. Two 60,000-ton vessels have already been built, as well as four 38,000-ton oil tankers. The third 60,000-ton vessel, the *Ore-Carrier*, which will be 795 ft. in length, is due to be finished by next November.

THE FINAL STAGE IN INDONESIAN INDEPENDENCE: Dr. Joseph M. A. H. Luns, left, the Dutch Minister without Portfolio, with special responsibility for Indonesian Affairs at the Netherlands Foreign Office, and Dr. Sunarjo, the Indonesian Foreign Minister, signing the protocol at The Hague under which the Union between their two countries of 1949 is dissolved. Under that Union the Netherlands retained certain military, cultural, diplomatic and economic rights. By 1954 only the economic and financial rights were still of any importance, and this agreement between the two countries gives Indonesia complete financial independence, while at the same time safeguarding the rights of Dutch business and financial interests in Indonesia.

AT THE FUNERAL OF EMILIE DIONNE: The sisters of Emilie, one of the famed Dionne quintuplets, at the burial site at Corbeil, Ontario. From left are Mrs. Rose Girouard and the surviving quintuplets, Annette (partly hidden by Mrs. Girouard), Marie, Yvonne and Cecile. Emilie Dionne died after an epileptic fit at Sainte Agathe, Quebec, at the age of twenty. She was buried in a grave dug, according to French-Canadian custom, by members of her own family, in a small enclosed meadow surrounded by woods, the ancestral burial-ground of the Dionnes. The congregation at the funeral service was mostly made up of farmers and friends from the neighbourhood, and these included a large number of nuns and priests.

THE DOCKYARDS AT KURE IN FULL SWING AGAIN: The *Ore-Transport* seen while she was being built in dry-dock. Kure, not far from Hiroshima, was one of Japan's secret naval bases and grew to great importance. To-day it is the headquarters and base of the British Commonwealth Forces in Korea and Japan.

MOSCOW WELCOMES BRITISH LABOUR LEADERS

Mr. Attlee and the Labour Party Delegation to China were Warmly Received during their Three-day Stay in Moscow

MOSCOW-BOUND AT LONDON AIRPORT: The Labour Party delegation which visited Russia and China last week is seen just before taking off. Among them are Mr. Morgan Phillips (second from top) and (nearest camera) Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Mr. Attlee, and Dr. Edith Summerskill. The group consisted of prominent trade union members of the Labour Party as well as representatives of the Parliamentary party.

AT THE MOSCOW AGRICULTURAL FAIR: On the second of their three days in Moscow, the delegation spent two hours looking round the newly-opened Moscow Agricultural Fair, a 500-acre exhibition on the outskirts of the city; later, the director, Mr. Nikolai Tsitsin, took them to lunch. During their tour Russian visitors to the Fair crowded excitedly round them and frequently tried to get into the photographs taken by Soviet photographers.

MR. ATTLEE SEES SOVIET FARM MACHINERY: Arms akimbo, the leader of the Opposition appraises one of the exhibits at the Moscow Agricultural Fair. Later that day, the Russian Premier, Mr. Malenkov, and other Soviet leaders joined them for dinner at the British Embassy.

AT MOSCOW UNIVERSITY: The Labour Party delegation spent some time at the University in the Lenin Hills and are here pictured with their hosts. *On left*—The visitors are seen in the Georgievsky Hall of the Kremlin.

Mr. Attlee, and his seven colleagues of the Labour Party delegation to China, stopped on their way to Peking for three days in Moscow. There, quite apart from the more or less routine visits to places of interest, they were royally received by the Soviet leaders. On the night of their arrival Mr. Malenkov gave a dinner for them at Maxim Gorki's villa at Mozhaisk, in the pine and silver birch forests, about an hour's drive from Moscow. All the British delegation—Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevan, Dr. Summerskill, Mr. Morgan Phillips, secretary of the Labour Party, and the four trades union members, Mr. Sam Watson, Mr. Harry Earnshaw, Mr. Wilfred Burke, and Mr. Henry Franklin—were there, with several of Russia's most influential Ministers. It seems to have been a gay party: seventeen or eighteen toasts were drunk and Mr. Malenkov was reported to have gone into the garden to gather a posy of red, white and blue flowers for Dr. Summerskill. Before they left, the British Ambassador gave a dinner in return at which Messrs. Malenkov, Molotov, Mikoyan and other Soviet leaders were again present.

THE DISPUTE IN PORTUGUESE INDIA

Scenes in Goa and Daman as the Portuguese Prepared to Defend their Settlements Against Indian Nationalist "Liberators"

A DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOUR OF CONTINUED PORTUGUESE RULE: Part of the crowd of 15,000 which took part in a mass rally in the Goan capital of Panjim to protest against the invasion of Portuguese India by Indian "liberation forces." In front of the crowd are carried photographs of the four policemen who were killed when the Nationalist "liberation force" invaded Daman, the other large Portuguese settlement some 350 miles to the north of Goa.

THE INDIAN DIPLOMATS WHO WERE ASKED TO LEAVE GOA: Mr. Vincent Coelho, left, the Indian Consul in Goa, and his Vice-Consul, Mr. G. A. Prabhu, seen on their arrival in Delhi from Bombay. The two diplomats were asked to leave Goa by the Portuguese.

After world-wide anxiety had been aroused by the moves of Indian Nationalists in the Portuguese possessions, it now seems that the disputes between Portugal and India will be settled peacefully. The possessions involved constitute what the Portuguese call the State of India. It consists of the territories of Goa, with a population of 540,000, Daman (including Nagar Aveli), with 63,000 people, and the little island of Diu (20,000). All three territories lie within the limits of the Bombay Province, and Goa and Daman have been in the possession of the Portuguese since the sixteenth century.

When some months ago the Indian Government was bringing pressure to bear upon France and Portugal to relinquish their possessions in India, they were backed up by the inevitable Nationalist movements, some of them spontaneous, but many of them carefully schooled by "anti-imperialist" political parties. In the French enclaves the Nationalists gained possession of a number of the smaller territories, and the French Government therefore agreed a few weeks ago to open negotiations with the Indian Government for the eventual withdrawal of French authority in India. It seems evident that the same Nationalist organisations sought to gain the same results in the Portuguese settlements, and that, by being in actual possession of the territories, they would force the Portuguese Government to negotiate immediately, and on unfavourable terms. As in the French possessions, a number of parties of nationalist liberators crossed into some of the Portuguese territories and proclaimed that the inhabitants owed no further allegiance to the Portuguese Government. But General Guedes, a distinguished Portuguese soldier, who has been Governor-General of Goa for some two years, threatened to meet with force any invasion of Portuguese territory, and proceeded to take steps to safeguard Goa from "liberation" on Indian Independence Day, August 15. The Portuguese Government's stand, and their invocation of the help of a variety of Powers has put a stop to these Nationalist plans. Although Mr. Nehru denied all responsibility for the "liberation armies" and deprecated the suggestion that his Government was prepared to use force to gain their will in Goa and the other possessions, he agreed that the matter should be settled by mutual agreement, and it is likely that force will not be resorted to by the extreme Indian elements after all.

THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ADDRESSES THE DEMONSTRATORS: General Paulo Bernard Guedes, at the microphone, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd from the balcony of the Government Secretariat building during the pro-Portuguese demonstrations in Goa. General Guedes took strong measures to repel any possible invaders.

INDIAN VOLUNTEERS ON THE MARCH: Carrying the Indian tricolor, these men walked into a village inside Nagar Aveli, a Portuguese settlement near Daman, to demonstrate their intention of "liberating" these settlements. The villagers are seen wearing Gandhi caps, symbolic of Mahatma Gandhi's cult of non-violence, but many "liberators" were armed.

THE FIRST PRISONERS: Members of the Indian Nationalist "liberation army" standing guard over their first prisoners, whom they captured when they marched into Daman. One Portuguese policeman was killed and five others injured during this early invasion of the settlements.

MOROCCAN UNREST

The Sultan Participates in a Religious Festival at Rabat, While Bitterness Among Rival Factions Touches-off Fierce Rioting Throughout French Morocco

EL GLAOUI MAKES HIS PRESENCE FELT : The powerful Pasha of Marrakesh, wearing his striped robe, is seen, right, leaving the mosque with the Sultan, and left, Moulay Muhammad, after the religious festivities at Rabat.

The news that the French Government had made new and far-reaching Home Rule proposals for Tunisia was, as had been feared, the signal for considerable disturbances in French Morocco. These disturbances took the form of unusually fierce and barbaric riots, notably in Fez and Port Lyautey. For the time being the French Government was not directly involved, for the dissatisfaction with the status of Morocco on the part of the extreme Nationalists was expressed in their renewed championing of the Sultan Sidi Muhammad ben Youssef, who was deposed and exiled a year ago. The rioting therefore consisted mainly of clashes between the supporters of the exiled Sultan and those of the present ruler. The exiled Sultan's followers are best organised in the Moroccan Istiqlal (Nationalist) Party, while the present Sultan's position is safeguarded and dependent on the fabulous Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui. He it was who deposed ben Youssef, and he it was again who during the past weeks has called on his allies, the chieftains of the mountain tribes, to pour their tribesmen into the cities. Grimly and relentlessly many thousands of these tribesmen, most of them armed with nothing more than heavy sticks, pressed on against the opposing factions, and by sheer weight of numbers scattered them.

The outrages came just before the great religious festival of Aid el-Kebir, and the refusal of the extreme Nationalists to recognise the present Sultan, Sidi Muhammad ben Moulay Arafa, in their prayers acerbated the already strong antagonisms. But the revulsion of popular feeling against terrorists who burned down the poor quarter of Casablanca, and who committed a series of revolting murders on Europeans, Jews and Arabs with equal impartiality, seems to have put a brake on terrorism.

CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF AID EL-KEBIR : *Above*, the Sultan Sidi Muhammad ben Moulay Arafa receiving the homage of his chieftains, who bow before him as he returns to his palace in Rabat after the festivities. *On left*—The decisive moment in the festival, as the Sultan cuts the throat of a sheep. This animal is then sent to the tribal chieftains waiting in the courtyard of his Palace, who return another sacrifice. If that sheep is still living when the Sultan receives it, good luck will prevail in Morocco for the coming year. This year the feast of Aid el-Kebir, one of the most important in the calendar, was fraught with political anxieties. The extreme Nationalist supporters of the exiled Sultan had refused to associate the present Sultan with their prayers.

TEACHING THE CITIZENS OF FEZ A LESSON : A motley collection of Maghzin troops and auxiliaries, armed with anything from rifles to stout sticks, making its way warily through one of the poorest quarters of Fez. In this area, the Medina quarter, riots in favour of the exiled Sultan touched off widespread disturbances. More than twenty people were killed as a result of clashes between the rival factions, and it was not until the caid Raho ben Bogrine poured his followers into the city that the Sultan's opponents were routed.

AN APPALLING RESULT OF FACTIONAL STRIFE IN MOROCCO : Men, women and boys are seen trying to salvage what they can from the disastrous fire which destroyed their homes in the Carrieres Centrales, the poor quarter of Casablanca. The fire was said to have been caused by terrorist supporters of the exiled Sultan. It rendered some 2,000 people homeless and more than twenty people received severe injuries from burns.

STRIKES SWEEP WEST GERMANY

Bavaria has its Biggest Industrial Dispute for Over Twenty Years

Throughout Bavaria last week swept the biggest industrial dispute since Hitler came to power. The Metal Workers' Trade Union, who are striving for more wages, announced that more than 120,000 workers in 462 works had joined the strike and that only sixty works are working normally—that because the managements had fully met their demands.

The main argument of the strikers is that the workers are not getting their share of the increasing national income, and that the fruits of German recovery are too much in favour of industrial companies. The employers, armed with sheafs of statistics, deny this.

Because of the long period of industrial peace in Germany, the machinery of negotiation has grown rusty and considerable bitterness has entered the strike. In Munich last week occurred the first clashes between workers and police. Many works had asked for police protection for those of their employees who wanted to carry on. The strikers countered by forming up five to ten, with arms linked, to keep out "blacklegs." When the police attempted to force a way through, fighting broke out. Several arrests were made in Munich, but the men were soon released.

In Hamburg a strike of municipal workers was ended by granting the workers an increase of roughly 1½d. an hour. But strikes in the engineering industry look like spreading: the largest section of the Engineering Trade Union—that in North Rhine-Westphalia—has given notice, for some 900,000 workers, to terminate its wages agreement.

POLICE GUARD STRIKE-BREAKERS IN MUNICH: Many of the firms affected by the metal workers' strike in Bavaria asked for police protection for those men willing to remain at work. Above, a cordon of police hold a way open outside one factory. On right, strike-breakers are brought to work in a police truck.

PICKETING A MUNICH FACTORY: Outside the factory of the South German Brake Company pickets try to prevent strike-breakers from entering. *On right, above,* workers at one of the giant Siemens plants play cards outside the gate. About 120,000 workers were on strike last week.

OUTSIDE THE SCHWEINFURT BALL-BEARING PLANT: Later, the workers at this factory went back after the management had agreed to an increase of 4 to 6 per cent. in their pay.

COAL BARGES TIED UP AT HAMBURG: The wave of strikes now sweeping West Germany started at Hamburg, where the city's gas, water and transport workers demanded more pay. It was settled by giving them another seven pfennigs (about 1½d.) an hour on time rates and 3 per cent. on other rates.

CORN CROPS ON THE SOUTH DOWNS: A track across the Downs above Cocking and Bepton, near Midhurst, Sussex. On either side, on former Downland, are good crops of corn. Concern has been expressed at the large amount of ploughing which has been done on the top of the South Downs. In many places uprooted trees have been left partially burned, and now form unsightly heaps. The ploughing for corn is encouraged by the Government's subsidy of £10 per acre.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

RIGHT-OF-WAY.—I 've been busy this month in my capacity as a bureaucrat. As Chairman of the Parish Council I 've had to deal with some objections to our Rights-of-Way draft map, and it 's been an interesting job. In one case we are opposing a landowner who wants to down-grade a bridle-path into a footpath. In other words, he doesn't mind people walking but he won't have them riding horses along it. We feel strongly about this—in fact, rights-of-way rouse passions like nothing else in a village—and so I 've had to go round collecting evidence from people who can remember the path being used by horses for more than twenty years. In so doing I 've learned a good deal more about the village. A retired roadman told me how they used to fetch stone from an old quarry along there in a putt, or heavy tipping cart—you don't see many of those about nowadays. And an old lady gave me an account of her early married life in an isolated cottage, now deserted, to which the bridle-path was the sole access.

In another case the Ramblers Association wrote to us about a path so ancient that no one can remember where it ran. I don't think there is any point in reviving paths merely for the sake of revival. A path, after all, must justify itself by use. As it happens, I 'm in rather a doubtful position about the whole thing. As a farmer, I am suspicious of anyone crossing my land, unless he 's a local. So much damage is done by visitors out of ignorance and sometimes out of spite. A gate left open, a smouldering fire, litter—they all lead to trouble of some kind or another, and it 's the farmer who foots the bill. At the same time, it 's right and healthy that townspeople should get about the countryside. So in theory, at any rate, I 'm all for rights-of-way and open spaces and national parks, provided the public abide by the rules. When they don't, I 'd gladly keep them out with a gun.

Saving the Commons.—Like many things in England a great deal of good is done privately and at private expense. An example is the work of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society—to give it its full title—which I consulted over the parish map. This Society was founded in 1865 as part of the scheme for saving the commons round London. Since then it has protected 1,500,000 acres of open spaces, and saved literally thousands of public paths from being stopped up. It played an important part in shaping the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act of 1949, and it is now helping with the county surveys which the Act demands. All done, I may say, without any grant from the Government and on a financial shoestring.

Perhaps its most dramatic fight was over Berkhamsted Common. In February, 1866, the Trustees of Lord Brownlow, the owner of the neighbouring property of Ashridge, arbitrarily enclosed 430 acres of this Common and stopped the rights-of-way. They put up an iron fence, 5 ft. high and two miles long, and sat tight. Most of the commoners who had the right to turn out cattle and cut gorse and turf were too poor or too timid to do anything about it; a few had been bought out. But there was one commoner, a Mr. Augustus Smith, a man of means, who refused to be put upon. With the Society behind him, he agreed with a contractor to send 120 navvies down to Berkhamsted by night to pull the fence down. On March 6 a special train left Euston soon after midnight and reached Tring at 1.30 a.m. But when the party got out, it was found that the contractor had taken to the bottle and was incapable of directing the operation. Fortunately, the Society's solicitor had sent a clerk to watch the proceedings. He took charge of the contingent and marched it up to the Common, where the men set to and demolished the entire fence before breakfast. When the agent of the estate arrived, there was nothing to be done but protest and institute legal proceedings. Four years later, final judgment was given against Lord Brownlow and the Common was saved.

Country Music.—People talk very glibly about the joys of country life—they always have done, particularly the poets—and, of course, there are plenty of things in the country to be enthusiastic about. I wouldn't readily exchange my farm for an office job, nor would my neighbours, nor, I think, would the men and women who work for us. But

A SQUEEZER STILE: This stile, which is made of oak, is in Middlesex. The squeezer is a form of stile common to many counties in England and Wales, notably Sussex, Gloucestershire and in the Pennines.

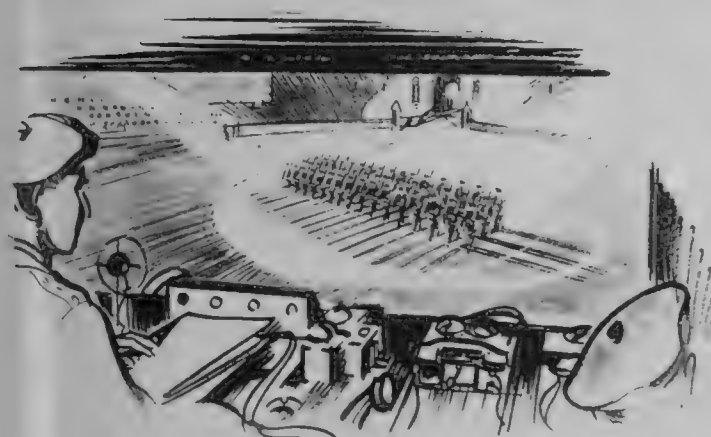
living and working on the land is not all joy by any means. Country people are not as a rule demonstrative about their lives and their surroundings; they value them, but they take them for granted. For active pleasure they like a change—the Women's Institute take a trip to the seaside, the Young Farmers (if they 're lucky) go abroad, and nearly everyone likes a day in town now and then.

One of the things I and my wife miss most in the West Country is live music. One of the troubles is the lack of concert halls—Taunton has none, and Exeter's reverberates appallingly to passing traffic. We all have our radios, of course, but that is not quite the same thing. Some talented folk make music among themselves, but they are few. What a joy it was then to hear first-class musicians in the flesh at the Taw and Torridge Festival early in August. This is the second year the Festival has been held and I pray it continues. We managed to fit in two concerts after evening chores—a Bach programme in Bideford parish church, and Mozart and Britten at Barnstaple. I shall not easily forget Joy Boughton's exquisite oboe playing in the Mozart quartet, nor Peter Pears' beautiful tenor solos. He sang, among other things, half-a-dozen folk songs to Benjamin Britten's arrangement and accompaniment, and nothing could have been more moving. But even Britten cannot improve upon the perfect simplicity of *The Ash Grove*—it 's a "natural." At the moment of writing we are hoping to take a day off (it 's been raining for two months and the harvest is at a standstill) and go down to Dartington, in South Devon, to hear the Bryanston Summer School of Music. What an immaculate setting for a masterpiece—but more about Dartington another time.

Berkshire Cricket Field.—Every August Bank Holiday since the War, I 've raised a cricket team to play the Berkshire village of Inkpen, where we used to live, not far from Inkpen Beacon. This year had to be the last, as I 'm now over forty and subject to lumbago, and anyway recruiting cricketers from a distance has become too complicated. Hitherto the village had won rather too many of the matches, and so I felt a gesture was needed. My side was a mixed bag of schoolmasters, schoolboys, farmers and farm-workers, but one of the schoolmasters, fortunately, played for Swindon and he distinguished himself by hitting up 144 (next highest score 16) out of a total of 244, all made in about three hours. The same player then took 6 wickets for 13 runs, and we had the village out before tea for 43. I felt we had done something to redress the balance!

I have a paternal interest in Inkpen Playing Field. It is a gently sloping 8-acre field, set in the middle of woods and lanes and a handful of cottages. I and a few others got together at the end of the war to buy and equip the field as the village War Memorial. Despite many difficulties we pushed the scheme through. We raised £400 locally and more than double that amount by way of a Ministry grant and a charitable bequest. At one time we were grappling, quite amicably, with two Ministries and the Charity Commissioners, but the process was involved and we thought we 'd never get to the end of it. However, the day came at last when the field was ours, and when it had been drained, levelled and sown down to grass. It was formally opened by Mr. Anthony Hurd, M.P. for Newbury, and we had two parsons saying prayers and music from the Inkpen Silver Prize Band to add to the solemnity of the occasion. I remember a gang of German prisoners sitting on the roadside fence wondering what it was all about!

One of the best things about the field is its size. There is a cricket square in the middle, with a football pitch on either side, a play-space for the Primary School and a 1-acre site for a future Village Centre at one end. At present a wooden pavilion does duty for changing-rooms and teas. Another point is that the field is roughly in the middle of the *populated* part of the parish. This is important, because Inkpen is not a village at all strictly speaking, but a collection of hamlets, each of which has one or more of the chief buildings—school, church, chapel, post office and so on. This is inconvenient for everybody and actively discourages village life. By having the Playing Field in the centre we made it roughly equidistant to people living on the perimeter. We also hoped it would attract whatever development takes place in the future, and already I am glad to say the new Council houses have sprung up in this area. One day the new school (if it is ever built) should go there too. Any settlement, but especially a village, should be reasonably concentrated, because convenience is indispensable in a lively community.



THE SETTING OF EDINBURGH TATTOO FROM THE CASTLE HEIGHTS : One of the most spectacular shows in Edinburgh during its Festival is the nightly (except Thursdays and Sundays) tattoo at the Castle.

On left—

THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE TATTOO : This sketch from the producer's box shows a drill display by cadets from Sandhurst, forty-eight of whom are taking part in this year's tattoo.

The EDINBURGH TATTOO

An Impression by John Mackay of the Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade, one of the Star Attractions of the Edinburgh Festival

One of the highlights of the Edinburgh Festival is the spectacular military tattoo held on the floodlit esplanade of the Castle. Fifty per cent. of the seats—and all seats for Saturday nights—had been sold before details of the show had even been announced to the public. Among the old features retained this year are the historical pageants, the Highland dancing and the performances of massed bands of pipes and drums. The new features include a parade of "toy soldiers" and a drill display by cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. The organisers regard the Sandhurst cadets as something of a scoop, because they will all have to give up part of their summer leave to appear. *Further pictures of interest to the visitor to the Festival appear on pages* 281-82-83.

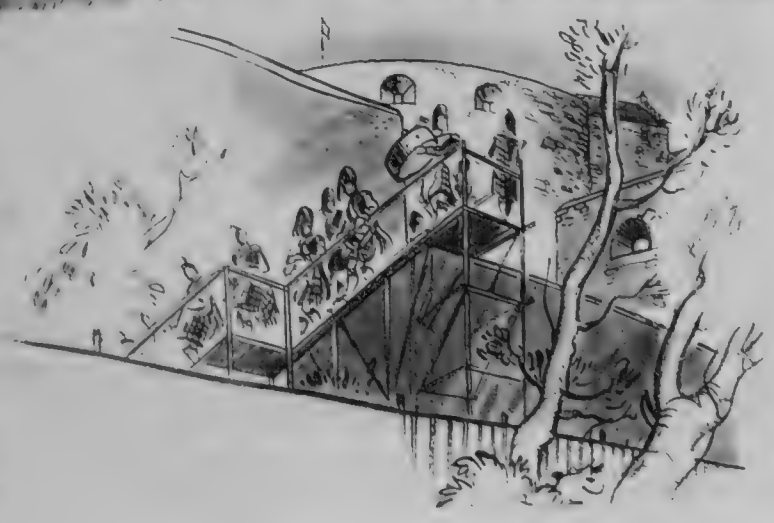
THROUGH THE PORTCULLIS OF THE ARGYLL TOWER : The pipes are heard as "music off" until the gates at the drawbridge slowly open and the pipe-major leads in his men for the traditional opening of the tattoo.

CABLE-LAYERS ON THE ROCK : Linesmen of the Royal Corps of Signals are responsible for rigging the communications in the Castle, an important factor for the tattoo's success.

IN THE ROYAL MILE : Along the historic Canongate, in the shadow of the high "lands," passes the mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards on their way to perform on the Castle esplanade.

On right—

HIGHLANDERS IN THE TREE TOPS : To vary the exits and entrances, performers use a bridge over the Castle wall.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESIDENCE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT—OSBORNE HOUSE, WHERE THE ROYAL SUITE WILL SOON BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC: The section of the house which will be on view early next year will include the private rooms occupied by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, which have been maintained exactly as they were at the time of the Queen's death in 1901. They have never before been shown to visitors, although the State Apartments have been on view since 1904. This year marks the Jubilee of the opening of the house to the public, and Queen Elizabeth has commanded that the private apartments should now be opened to visitors.

A VIEW FROM QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM WINDOW WHICH LOOKS OUT ON TO THE ITALIAN GARDEN: At the end of the garden the Queen, who spent so much of her widowhood at Osborne, had a small beach hut. The present house was begun in the late 1840's on land bought by Queen Victoria from Lady Isabella Blachford.

INSIDE OSBORNE HOUSE

The Private Apartments of Osborne House, a Favourite Country Residence of Queen Victoria on the Isle of Wight, will Soon be Open to the Public

Among the several buildings of historical interest on the Isle of Wight is Osborne House, for many years the private residence of Queen Victoria. Since her death in 1901 her private apartments, together with those of the Prince Consort, have been maintained exactly as they were and never shown to visitors; only one part of the house being open to visitors during the summer season. This year marks the jubilee of the opening of the house, and the present Queen has commanded that these rooms should now be opened to the public. The Minister of Works is responsible for the building, and he has said that it is hoped that the private apartments can be opened early next year.

The Osborne Estate, of over 1,000 acres, was bought by Queen Victoria in 1845, and it is apparent from her own record that she was pleased with the purchase. Writing to the King of the Belgians, she said: "It sounds so . . . nice to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired," while, later, to Lord Melbourne, she wrote that she was "delighted with our new and really delightful home." It soon became evident that the existing house was not large enough, and so the Prince Consort and Thomas Cubitt set about designing a new building in the Palladian style. The first part to be completed was the Pavilion wing, and it is this section which contains the Royal suite.

The house has a square tower, and this lends a touch of the bizarre to the design. Elsewhere some of the round-headed windows are adorned with classical pillars, and these, together with other prominent features, give an effect of spaciousness. Inside the private apartments the furnishings and works of art are set out exactly as they were in the time of the great Queen. In her sitting-room the two desks of Victoria and her husband are still placed side by side, and they are laden with miniatures of members of the Royal Family. At least two innovations since the Queen's death are the commemorative plaque above her bed and the water-colour of the Lying-in-State.

Osborne was a favourite home of the Queen, and it was there that she spent much of her widowhood. She entertained visiting Royalty there, and it was the scene in 1862 of the marriage between Princess Alice and Prince Louise of Hesse. Near Osborne is Whippingham village, and this, too, with its church, is closely associated with the Victorian era.

INSIDE THE BEDROOM WHERE THE GREAT QUEEN DIED: *Left*—An altar, complete with a Communion service and replica of the crown, which was installed in the room after the Queen's death on January 22, 1901. *Right*—In the centre is the picture depicting the Entombment of Christ, by G. Jager; on the left is the water-colour of the Lying-in-State of Queen Victoria.

THE VICTORIAN SITTING-ROOM OF OSBORNE HOUSE: In this room are many objets d'art, miniatures and portraits that belonged to the Queen and the Prince Consort. Altogether there are five rooms which have been maintained in their original setting. Historic buildings on the island are besieged by visitors during the summer, so that Osborne is assured of a good attendance.

DETAIL OF THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM: In the centre is a spinning-wheel and, in the background, a nineteenth-century piano of French design.

TWO CORNERS OF THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS: *Left*—The mahogany bed, complete with canopy, in which Queen Victoria died; on the wall is a commemorative bronze plaque erected by her family. Since 1901 the room has been cleaned once a week. *Right*—The dressing-room of Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort's rooms have also been left as they were at the time of his death. The estate and house at Osborne were presented to the nation by King Edward VII in 1902. Apart from being a memorial to his mother, he wished part of it to be used as a convalescent home for officers—an arrangement that is still in operation.

ROYAL MARINE FROGMEN AT WORK NEAR PORTSMOUTH : Two men can be seen clambering over the hulk of an old submarine while training off Portsmouth.

DELIVERING THEIR DEADLY GOODS : These trainee frogmen ar frogmen is carried on all the year round and the cour The initial qualification for frogmen is that they must be

THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST FROGMEN

Some Pictures of Royal Marines Frogmen in Training, most of whom are also Commandos and Parachutists

The Royal Marines Amphibious School at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, is now turning out some of the most highly-trained and versatile soldiers in the world—the swimmer-canoeists or, as they are more popularly known, frogmen. These men are all volunteers and are drawn from ships' detachments of Marines or from commandos.

Before they are accepted, they have to undergo a fairly stiff swimming test : they have to be able to swim 25 yards under water (without breathing equipment), to swim a crawl for 140 yards, and to swim free style for 300 yards.

Once through that, they start on a nine-weeks course which includes instruction in underwater swimming, beach pilotage, canoeing, boatwork, surf negotiation, and, finally, three weeks of tactical training. The object of the course is to turn out a nucleus of Special Boats Sections capable of carrying out beach reconnaissances prior to a landing or of performing small assault tasks, such as blowing-up a ship with limpet mines.

The wastage in the course is fairly high ; the job demands a high degree of initiative and resourcefulness much above average. The swimmer-canoeists work in pairs and, once they have been brought near to the scene of operations by, say, a submarine or fishing-boat or plane, they are entirely on their own.

This kind of warfare seems to have originated with the Italians, who successfully mined the battleships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant* in Alexandria Harbour during the last war. But the Marines were not slow in following them up ; in December, 1942, a party of eight, in four two-man canoes, paddled up the Gironde Estuary to Bordeaux and there successfully blew up five merchant ships. Only two men got back—one of them being the leader of the expedition, Major Haslar.

The Royal Marines now have several of these special boat sections as permanent establishments—each section operating a variety of small boats—and they have been used recently in N.A.T.O. exercises. One modern qualification they must possess : all frogmen, if not already parachutists, must do a parachute course later.

PADDLING ONE'S OWN CANOE : A high degree of skill and initiative is demanded of these frogmen, whose active service role is an extremely hazardous one. One method of silently approaching the target is, as shown above, by paddling a one-man float, with the two limpet mines loaded on to it. The frogmen use several different types of canoes and inflatable craft.

GETTING A LIFT IN SOMEONE ELSE'S : From here the rubber-suited frogman drops silently into the water, which has carried him to the nearest possible approach point. His partner then paddles away and leaves him to swim to his objective and place his mines. There is a special drill for getting into the water, so as to reduce the risk of making any splashing noise.

ing limpet mines to the submarine hulk. The training of these s so stiff that only about 50 per cent of the entry passes it. e to swim 25 yards under water without breathing apparatus.

SUDDEN SURFACING: The keynote of frogman operations is silence and the avoidance of splashing; but mistakes occur, as with this frogman, who surfaces too violently.

A FROGMAN TEAM: Each canoe of a Royal Marines Special Boat Section carries one canoeist, one frogman, and its cargo of limpet mines. Both paddle up to the approach point, where the frogman slips out and swims the rest.

FIXING THE LIMPET MINE: Having reached his objective, the frogman clamps on his mine. One of the most uncomfortable features of the frogman's equipment is the nose-clip, which, as can be seen, pinches the nose considerably. The frogmen are all-rounders, hand-picked from the Royal Marines Commando and parachute units.

CLIMBING PRACTICE: Two frogmen clamber over the hulk of a submarine, which they use as a practice target for their mines and, as here, to accustom themselves to clambering in full equipment over slippery surfaces. Their amphibious warfare school, which also trains landing-craft crews, is situated at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth.

A VERTICAL TAKE-OFF IN THE UNITED STATES : Above is a close-up of the cockpit of the Convair XFY-1, showing the pilot's seat tipped forward ready for a vertical take-off. This seat can be swung back to a normal position when the aircraft is flying horizontally. The Convair test pilot, J. F. Coleman, is seen climbing the ladder. *On right*—One of the first vertical take-offs by an aircraft of this type—the XFY-1 some 20 ft. above the ground at the Moffett Naval Air Station—the exhaust gasses from its two 5,500-h.p. gas turbine engines are distorting the horizon. The XFY-1 gains a small amount of jet thrust from these gasses, in addition to the thrust from its two contra-rotating propellers. So far, no attempt has been made to tilt the aircraft into a normal horizontal flying position after take-off, which will be a more difficult feat than merely rising off the ground. The supreme test, however, will be to tilt the aircraft back on to its tail again and to lower it to the ground. Tests are also being carried out on the Lockheed XFV-1, a similar aircraft.

Aircraft Development

SPEED, COMFORT AND VERTICAL TAKE-OFF

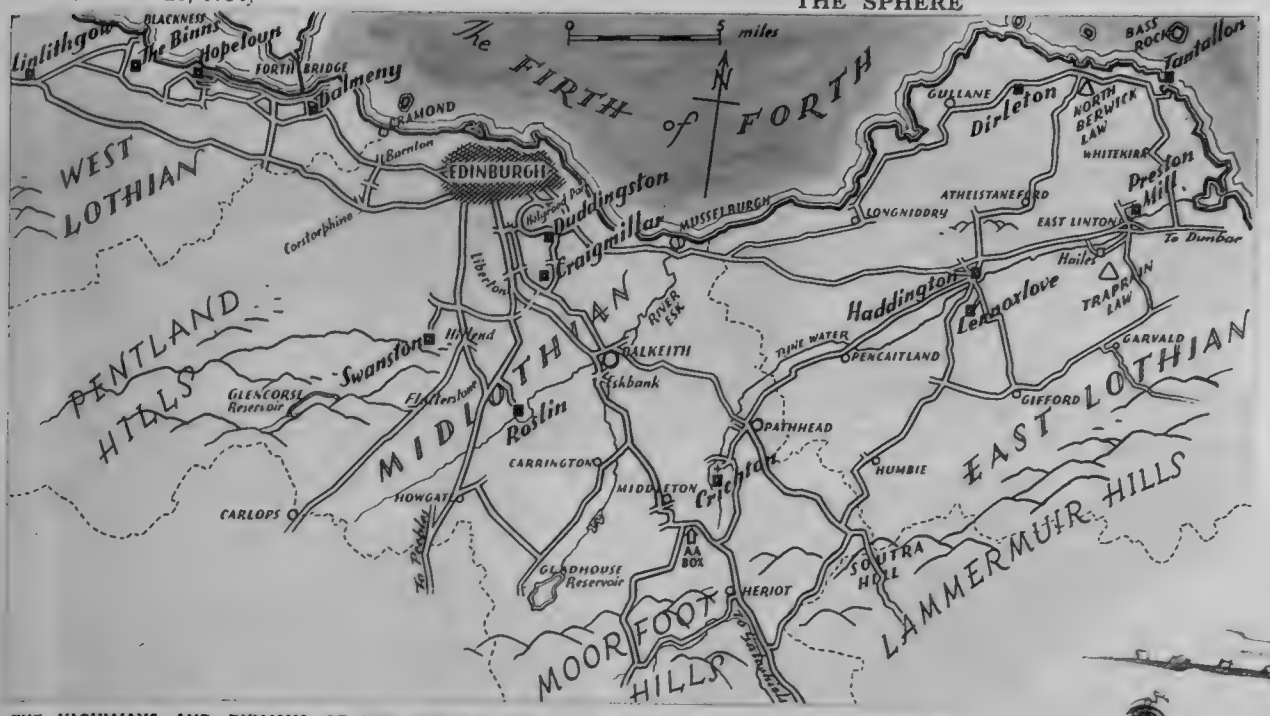
NEW AIRCRAFT IN THIS COUNTRY AND AMERICA, DESIGNED FOR MANY DIFFERENT PURPOSES

On left—
THE AMERICAN VERSION OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANBERRA : This aircraft, designated the B57A, which is built under licence in the States. It is powered by two Wright J 65 turbo-jet engines, which are British Armstrong Siddeley Sapphires, also being built in the U.S.A. under licence. The B57A is intended as a night intruder aircraft, and among the modifications made by the Martin Company is the long cockpit.

On right—
THE LATEST ENGLISH VERSION OF THE CANBERRA : The Canberra Mark 8, seen here, has been designed for two roles, one is as a night intruder, and the other is the Canberra's normal role of high-altitude bomber. For its night intrusion role, the aircraft has been fitted with a modified fighter-type cockpit, giving the pilot a better all-round view.

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN'S EXPRESS—THE NEW VERSION OF THE BEECHCRAFT EXPEDITOR : This aircraft, which has been designed as an executive transport, is called the Super 18, and among the improvements on the older Expeditor model are the larger windows, and extra height of the cabin, which will comfortably accommodate eight passengers. The Beech Aircraft Company have about £1,400,000 worth of orders for this aircraft on hand and deliveries have already begun. The Super 18 has a top speed of 234 m.p.h. and a range of nearly 1,500 miles.

THE "FLYING COKE BOTTLE" JOINS THE UNITED STATES NAVY : This new naval fighter aircraft, the Grumman F9F-9 Tiger, is seen during one of its early flights. Said to be capable of supersonic speeds in level flight, the F9F-9 has swept-back, razor-edge wings, a slender fuselage (from the side view), and is powered by the American version of the Armstrong Siddeley jet engine. Despite the thin section of its wings, some fuel can be carried in them, but the main tanks are placed in the fuselage. It has been named the "Coke Bottle" because, when seen from above, its outline bears a striking resemblance to the soft-drink bottle. The Tiger, according to an official announcement, will be capable of carrying the most up-to-date armament designed for naval fighters, and all the production models will be fitted with after-burners—which are additions to the jet pipe, where extra fuel can be burnt, resulting in greater thrust. The maiden flight of this aircraft was made only a few days before that of the English Electric P-1, the new British aircraft which can exceed 760 m.p.h. at sea-level in level flight. Apart from this aircraft and the F9F-9, there are only three other aircraft powerful enough to do this; they are the American F-100, and the French planes, the Gerfaut and the Mystere IV.



THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE FERTILE LOTHIAN PLAIN: It is here that Scotland's industrial belt between Clyde and Forth gives way to the countryside. Surrounded by the Pentland, Moorfoot and Lammermuir Hills, the Lothians reflect much of Scotland's history.

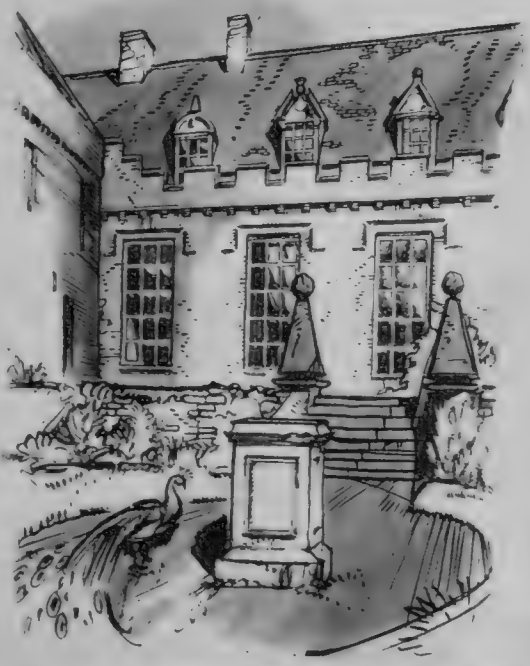
THE LOTHIANS

Edinburgh's Country, the Historic Area Within Easy Reach of the Visitor to the Eighth Festival, Which Opens on August 22

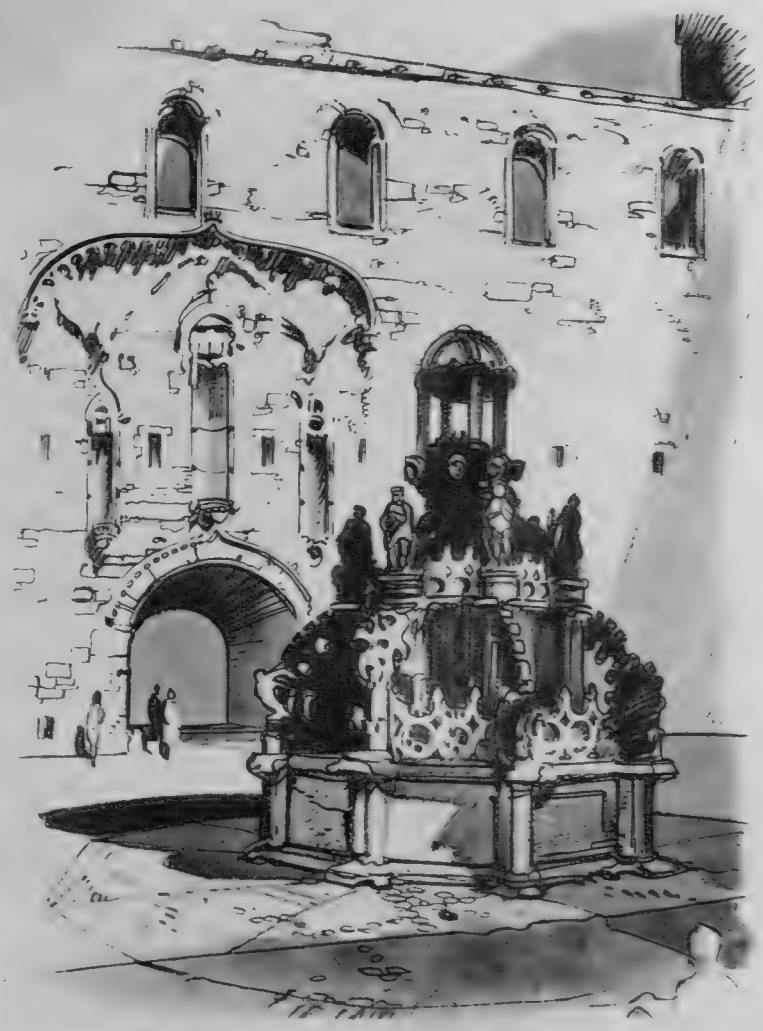
WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS

By JOHN MACKAY

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC OVER DALMENY CHURCH: The sculptured detail of the doorway arch. The church at Dalmeny is one of the few remaining Norman buildings in Scotland. It was restored some years ago.



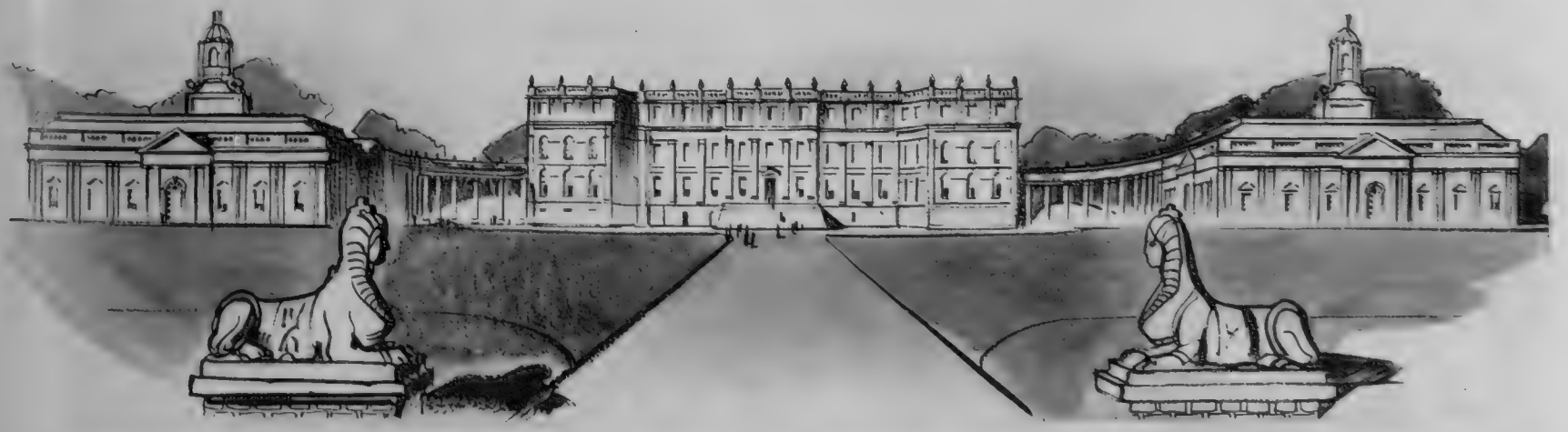
THE FIRST BUILDING PRESENTED TO THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL TRUST: The courtyard of the House of the Binns, not far from Linlithgow. The main fabric of this building is of the early seventeenth century, and the interior is noteworthy for some very elaborate plasterwork.



"THE FAIREST ROYAL HOUSE IN SCOTLAND": The King's Fountain in the Palace of Linlithgow, which received its title of praise from James V of Scotland, whose daughter, later Mary, Queen of Scots, was born there in 1542. Beyond the fountain is the former drawbridge entrance.

Below—

THE RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW: Hopetoun House has been the home of the Hopetoun family, later to become Marquesses of Linlithgow, since the eighteenth century. The great Robert Adam mansion is surrounded by spacious lawns and a deer park.

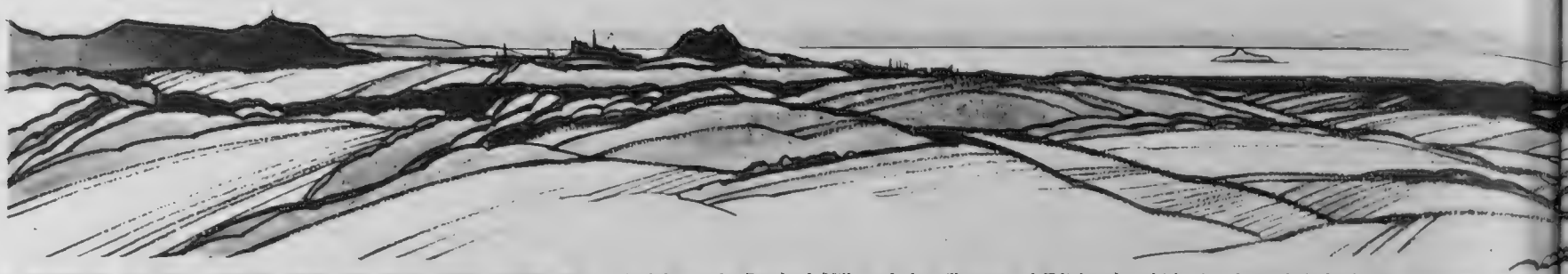


The visitor to this year's eighth Edinburgh Festival will not get a real insight into the Festival City until he has also seen something of the country around it. He may see little of scenic splendour in the tourist sense, but within the confines of West Lothian, Midlothian and East Lothian is set so much of Scotland's past, and in so picturesque a manner, that a visit becomes an almost essential supplement to sightseeing in that vast treasure-house of history—Edinburgh itself. Furthermore, the Lothians provide the ideal relaxation for an occasional afternoon in the country which the visitor to the Festival may want.

The sketch-map above marks the places illustrated on these pages, most of which can be seen by the public. It also indicates some worthwhile roads away from the main routes. There is, for instance, the way through the grounds of Hopetoun. Then there is the seaward walk through the Earl of Rosebery's estate between Cramond and the Forth Bridge. Or there is the natural beauty of East Lothian, the colour vivified by the rock-red of the villages at the feet of the Lammermuirs and by the red earth of the fields sloping down to the head of the cliffs where the lands of Lothian meet the North Sea.

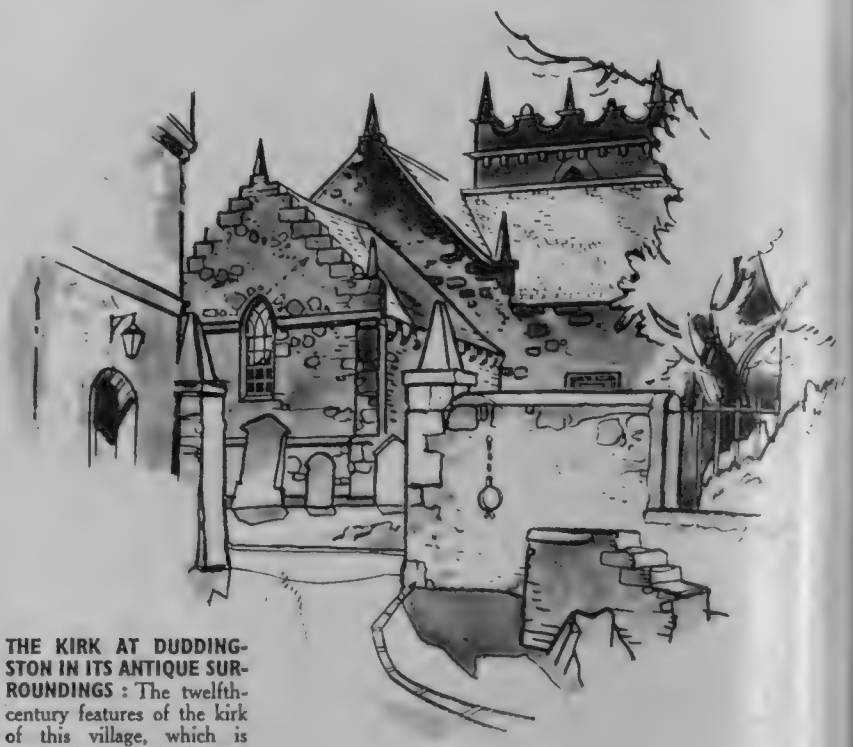
Of historical and literary associations the Lothians may be equally proud. There are the homes of the Douglases, of the Dukes of Hamilton and of the Marquesses of Linlithgow. Associations with Mary, Queen of Scots, and James V of Scotland. The hills above Swanston, where Robert Louis Stevenson climbed and Burns came with the painter Nasmyth to the inn at Roslin. There, in the chapel, is told the weird tale of the 'Prentice Pillar; how that exquisite piece of craftsmanship was executed by an apprentice while his master was abroad, and how, on his return, the master killed the boy in a fit of jealousy. And at Crichton there is the memory of Walter Scott riding to the Castle, no doubt with *Marmion* in his thoughts.

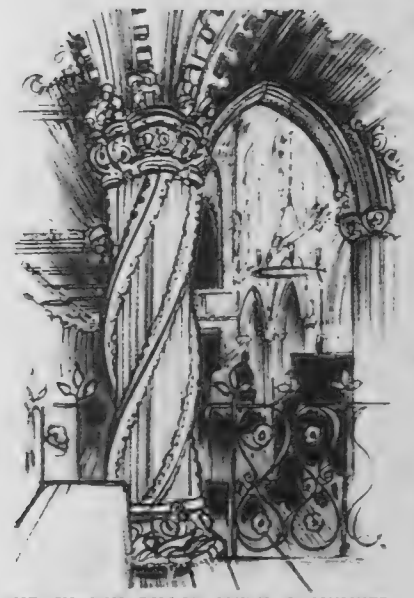
Such is the many-sidedness of the Lothians, for centuries the rich farming country of Scotland, a monument to progressive agriculture, and a mirror of so much of Scotland's heritage.



A PANORAMA OF THE LOTHIANS FROM THE ROAD OVER SOUTRA HILL : At left are the Pentland Hills and the silhouette of Edinburgh, which rises beyond Arthur's Seat, sloping towards the Firth of Forth and looking over towards the island of Inchkeith. At right, in the middle distance, is the town of Haddington and the cone of North Berwick Law outlined against the Firth. Offshore can be seen the Bass Rock, and behind it, on the horizon, the Isle of May. At the extreme right is Traprain Law, where a hoard of Roman silver was excavated.

THE LOTHIANS *(Continued)*





THE CHURCH PILLAR WITH A SINISTER LEGEND : The 'Prentice Pillar in Roslin Chapel, regarded as an outstanding example of medieval architecture in Scotland.

A FAVOURITE RETREAT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS : Craigmillar Castle, the great fourteenth-century tower-house which over the centuries has acquired defensive walls and battlements that serve to enhance its appearance. The Castle, which overlooks the Palace of Holyroodhouse, is the largest of a trio of impressive Scottish feudal strongholds. The others are Borthwick Castle, near Crichton, and Crichton Castle itself.

STEVENSON'S COUNTRY : The thatched hamlet of Swanston, on the slopes of the Pentland Hills. This was a summer home for the young Robert Louis Stevenson, and provided the setting for some of the scenes in *St. Ives*. Stevenson's home in Swanston, "in a bouquet of old trees," is now privately owned, but his birthplace in Howard Place, Edinburgh, is open to visitors.

THE KIRK AT DUDDINGSTON IN ITS ANTIQUE SURROUNDINGS : The twelfth-century features of the kirk of this village, which is bordered by the bird sanctuary of Duddingston Loch and Holyrood Park. On the wall in the foreground can be seen the iron "jougs" for the neck of the wrong-doer; and in front of it is the "loupin' on stane," which used to assist the members of the scattered parish to mount their horses. It was a minister of the kirk, John Thomson, the Scottish landscape painter, who used to entertain his fellow-artists Turner and Wilkie at the manse near by.

On right—

"ROW AND ROW OF FAIR HEWN FACETS" : This is Sir Walter Scott's description in *Marmion* of the architectural rarity of this north side of the courtyard of Crichton Castle. The castle's most notable owner was Sir William Crichton, who was appointed Chancellor of Scotland in 1426, and who founded the church near by.

On left—

AN UNEXPECTED GLIMPSE OF THE BORDER COUNTRY : This view is obtained barely a dozen miles from Edinburgh while still in Midlothian, just off the main road at Heriot. This, unexpectedly, is characteristic Border country. There is the glitter of the stream, soon to become the Gala Water, into which an angler has waded. And beyond is the dark-wooded hillside of the Moorfoots, so unlike most of the Lothian country.

AN EAST LOTHIAN MARKET TOWN : The red-roofed houses by the old bridge over the Tyne in the Royal Burgh of Haddington. This East Lothian market town was once the final stage in the coach journey from London to Edinburgh, and there is still an eighteenth-century air about the town. The saddler's sign still graces the High Street, and much of Haddington's charm is derived from the varied domestic architecture. This ranges from the worthy façades of the merchants' houses to the simpler buildings shown here by the bridge. Haddington has further claims to fame as the birthplace of John Knox.

TANTALLON CASTLE—ONE OF THE NOBLEST FEATURES OF THE LOTHIAN COAST : Seen from the North Berwick main road, the Castle, beyond the green defensive outworks, gives little indication of the grand, rugged setting it holds at the top of the red cliffs thrust into the sea. Tantallon Castle, which is especially associated with the House of Douglas, has suffered much throughout a fighting history from the assault of cannon. It was probably built in the fourteenth century, and in 1528 it resisted attack by James V. The Castle was captured and partially destroyed by the Covenanters in 1639, and was further damaged by Monks' troops twenty years later. It, too, is associated with Scott's *Marmion*. In more recent years the building needs of local farms have encroached upon it.

On left—

ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE VILLAGES IN THE LOTHIANS : A corner of Dirleton, whose fine village green on the main road is one of the attractions of this delightful East Lothian beauty spot. The beautiful grounds of Dirleton Castle, set with rock garden, and the ancient trees hidden beyond the Castle walls, all add to the charm of Dirleton.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN MACKAY

THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON : The fifteenth-century tower of Lennoxlove, which contains the banqueting hall restored by Sir Robert Lorimer, architect of the Scottish National War Memorial. *Inset* is a picture of one of the sundials in the garden. In the fine old house the family treasures of the Dukes of Hamilton are impressively presented. Unexpectedly among the souvenirs is an interesting display of photographs taken over Everest during the Mount Everest Flight Expedition, 1933, in which the Duke of Hamilton, then the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, took part as chief pilot.

On left—

PRESTON MILL—A MONUMENT TO THE LOTHIANS' PLACE IN SCOTTISH FARMING : This picturesque mill, now in the care of the National Trust for Scotland, was built at the beginning of the new era of Scottish farming which followed the '45 Rebellion. The Lothian oatfields which it still serves have been under cultivation for 800 years, and make one of the most attractive sights by the banks of the River Tyne as it flows eastwards to the sea from the town of Haddington.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND

On left—

THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND—THE START OF THE ROYAL SUMMER HOLIDAY: The Queen is seen inspecting a guard of honour at Ballater, composed of men of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, which has recently returned from Malaya. With the Queen is Major G. R. Elsmie, the officer commanding the guard. The Queen travelled to Scotland in a Viking aircraft of the Queen's Flight, landing at Dyce Airport, where, in brilliant sunshine, she was greeted by the Marquess of Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. By the time that she reached Ballater, however, the rain had started, but the skies cleared for a short time as the Royal car drove into Station Square, where more than 1,000 people were waiting in the rain. After inspecting the guard, the Queen entered her car and drove off to Balmoral.

AN EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF A GERMAN SCULPTOR IN LONDON: A general view of the exhibition of the work of Gerhard Marcks in the garden of the Arts Council Gallery, in St. James's Square. Marcks is sixty-five years old, and has worked in Germany all his life. His main works are of single figures and of animals, but since the end of the last war he has executed a large number of war memorials for German towns. The exhibition will continue until September 24, and contains, as well as sculptures, examples of Marcks' woodcuts and drawings.

SIGNING A CONTRACT WORTH 45,000,000 DOLLARS: Members of the United States air firm, Capital Airlines, and the British firm of Vickers-Armstrongs are seen at Weybridge completing the contract for thirty-seven Viscount airliners. From left to right are: Mr. C. H. Murchison, Chairman of the Executive Committee of Capital Airlines; Mr. J. H. Carmichael, the President of Capital Airlines; and Mr. G. R. Edwards, the Managing Director of Vickers Armstrongs Aircraft Division. Standing behind the table are Mr. J. B. Franklin, Vice-President of Operation and Maintenance Division of the American firm, and Mr. J. Anderson, the Commercial Manager of Vickers-Armstrongs. Capital Airlines were taking up their option on thirty-seven Viscounts, in addition to the three which they bought in June.

"HENRY IV, PART I" IN THE OPEN AIR IN HAMPSHIRE: A general view of the rehearsal of Shakespeare's play on the lawns of Ashford Chace, the home of Lord Horder at Petersfield. The play, which was given by the Steep Shakespeare players, was produced by Geoffrey Crump, with Heather Black as his assistant.

THE HYTHE VENETIAN FÊTE—A COLOURFUL SCENE ON THE ROYAL MILITARY CANAL, HYTHE: Other barges in the carnival pull into the bank as Miss Avis Scott, of the B.B.C. Television Service, glides past in her gaily-decorated barge to open the Venetian fête. Watched by thousands of people, including many holiday-makers, the fête included a colourful Mayoral procession, in which the Mayors of the Cinque Ports took part.

AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY MARCH SIDE BY SIDE ON THE ISLE OF GRAIN : Mr. Louis Bloomfield is seen with his flock of sheep on the Isle of Grain, Kent. In the background is the great oil refinery which has recently been built there. For some thirty years Mr. Bloomfield has been a shepherd on the island, which was known as the loneliest island in Kent; but then, two years ago, the refinery was built, and the shepherd resigned himself to finding a home for his sheep and himself elsewhere. But in an oil refinery, where there is an ever-present danger of fire, it is important that the grass in the area should be kept short, and it was decided that there would be no simpler method of doing this than letting Mr. Bloomfield and his flock of sheep remain.

On left—
THE REMAINS OF THE CRASHED AMERICAN STRATOJET AT FAIRFORD, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE : Part of the port wing and three engines are seen covered with foam sprayed on it by firemen, when the aircraft had crashed after a take-off for a flight to the United States. The four members of the crew were killed outright. The aircraft burst into flames before hitting the ground and there was some delay before the fire brigade could reach the burning aircraft, as a U.S.A.F. fire tender, also on its way to the plane, had run into a ditch, blocking the only road leading to the field where the crash had taken place. According to one eyewitness, the aircraft had been airborne for about two minutes, and, at a height of some hundreds of feet, it burst into flame.

THE NEW CONTROL TOWER AT HATFIELD AERODROME, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DE HAVILLAND COMPANY : Also in this block of buildings are the fire station, the doors of which can be seen, the aerodrome manager's office, and the briefing-room. The aerodrome is situated on Amber 2 Airway, just inside the London Control Zone, and as most of the Company's development flying is done from this airfield, it was decided that the new control tower should incorporate all the latest electronic and other safety equipment. Situated at the south-west corner of the new flight test hangar, the tower commands a fine view not only of the aerodrome, but also of the surrounding Hertfordshire countryside. The glass of the windows is of a special type, made to dissipate about 50 per cent. of the heat of the sun, and the walls are sound-proofed.

H.M.S. "MERMAID" GETS TIED UP AT THE END OF A LONG CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN : The Royal naval frigate is seen arriving at Portsmouth after eight years' service in the Mediterranean, flying an 800-ft. paying-off pennant. As can be seen from the picture, the pennant proved to be rather a nuisance. It became entangled with the battleship H.M.S. *Vanguard*, and also with some dockyard buildings. Parts of the pennant were ripped off, and these were quickly recovered as souvenirs by members of the crew.

A THAMES ISLAND CHANGES HANDS

The Lease of Magna Carta Island and its Nineteenth-Century House is Taken Over by an American Authoress

THE "FRONT DOOR" BELL ON THE LONELY OLD HOUSE ON MAGNA CARTA ISLAND, IN THE THAMES AT RUNNYMEDE: The lease of the property has lately been acquired from Buckinghamshire County Council by Miss Alberto Catherine Bigelow, an American authoress.

THE OLD HOUSE WHICH STANDS ON MAGNA CARTA ISLAND AND WHICH IS NOW LEASED TO AN AMERICAN: The isolated stone house, built in the early nineteenth century, is said to stand on the actual spot where King John set his seal to the Great Charter on June 15, 1215.

LOOKING ACROSS A CREEK TO THE EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE: The site was formerly occupied by a priory. The only approach to the house is by boat across the Thames from Runnymede bank to the island, and then across a small 18-ft. bridge spanning a creek. Motor-coaches may be seen in the distance on the far bank; the island is private property and landing by unauthorised persons is prohibited.

On right—

THE NEW TENANT OF THE ISLAND: Miss Alberto Bigelow stands by the fine old refectory table which once stood in Chequers (country home of Britain's Prime Ministers), and which was brought to the house on Magna Carta island by Sir Patrick Hannon, who lived there between the years 1935 and 1952. The table was at Chequers during the Cromwellian period.

The new tenant of Magna Carta Island, in the Thames at Runnymede, is Miss Alberto Catherine Bigelow, an American writer of children's books and poems. She has leased the island and its nineteenth-century house for fourteen years from Buckinghamshire County Council, and plans to live there and restore the gardens to their former order and appearance. The old house, which can only be approached from the bank-side by boat across the Thames and then by a bridge across a creek, stands on the site of a priory. It still contains much old furniture, some of it having been added by its former occupier, Sir Patrick Hannon, and even one old piece from America. This is a cobbler's bench, made of five different woods and stretched leather, that once stood in Connecticut. Also inside the house there is an old priests' hole for six men, while one room is said to mark the actual spot where King John met the Barons in 1215 and set his seal to the Magna Carta. The room contains facsimiles of the Charter. Other prominent features of the house include its seven bedrooms, and the many windows, both large and small, some of which have coloured glass.

THE FINE VIEW FROM THE ISLAND ACROSS THE THAMES: On the opposite bank is the stretch known as Runnymede Meadows, now owned by the National Trust. Close by is the new Air Force War Memorial.

HIROSHIMA—NINE YEARS AFTER : A general view of the scene in the Peace Memorial Park, where the Mayor, Shinzo Hamai, led a simple ceremony to commemorate the victims of the first atomic bomb.

NINE YEARS AFTER

As Hiroshima Remembers Its 100,000 Dead from the First Atom Bomb, a New Catholic Church is Consecrated in the City

At 8 a.m. on August 6, the moment that nine years ago the first atomic bomb exploded, sirens wailed and church bells tolled over the city of Hiroshima. During a minute of silent prayer 500 white doves were released to flutter over the city. Prayers were offered up for the 100,000 or more who were killed by that bomb.

At a simple ceremony in the Peace Memorial Park the Mayor placed a book, inscribed with the names of 212 more people who died as a result of the bomb, into the crescent-shaped cenotaph which stands as a memorial to the bomb victims. Prince and Princess Takamatsu laid a wreath there, and among the 10,000 who gathered for the ceremony were many survivors of the bomb.

On the same day the new Catholic World Church of Peace was consecrated by the Most Reverend Maximilian de Furstenburg, Papal Nuncio to Japan. This church—a modernised concrete and steel structure—stands on the site of the old Catholic church which was destroyed by the bomb. Building was started late in 1950, and contributions towards it—in money and materials—poured in from all parts of the world.

CONSECRATING THE WORLD CHURCH OF PEACE : The Most Rev. M. de Furstenburg, Papal Nuncio to Japan, consecrated it on the ninth anniversary of the bomb.

AT THE CENOTAPH : The names of 212 more people who died as a result of the bomb were added to the book in the cenotaph.

HONOURING THE DEAD : A woman adds her smouldering joss-stick to the others at the cenotaph in the Peace Memorial Park.

HIROSHIMA'S NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH : Its building was begun towards the end of 1950, and contributions of money and materials have flowed in from all over the world. It stands on the site of the old Catholic church destroyed by the bomb ; the new church is built of reinforced steel and concrete. Its Jesuit priest, Father Lassalle, has now become a Japanese citizen.

AN ANCIENT PORT REOPENS

Richborough, Kent, Once the Chief Point of Entry for the Romans, is Being Revived as a Port for Coastal and Continental Vessels

Richborough, one of the oldest ports in England, was opened for traffic again last week when the motor barge *Success* left it with a cargo of Government stores for an East Coast port. To-day it is a dismal sight. Though the London company, which means to develop it as a port and industrial area, has made a start in clearing it up, it is still cluttered with the debris of two world wars. Travelling cranes stand derelict, the jetties are broken, warehouses rot and fall apart, and the whole site is littered with rusting wire, girders and pipes. All this lies in the flat, dreary marshland which surrounds the silted-up port of Sandwich.

Richborough has a strange history. In Roman times it was known as Rutupiae and was the principal port of entry into Britain and a strongly-garrisoned military post; the Emperor Claudius built a castle there in A.D. 43. It was also used to supply Imperial Rome with oysters. St. Augustine is supposed to have first set foot in England here and a long line of invaders of the Dark Ages used it as their port of entry. But over the centuries the sea has receded from that stretch of coast and a marshy, sandy waste surrounds Richborough and Sandwich.

The port was revived again in 1914, when the present quayside was built in six months. Barges were built there to carry stores up the rivers of Northern France, there was a military train ferry to carry men direct to the front, and Richborough was once again an important military port. Between the wars it declined again until in 1939 it was requisitioned. During the Second World War parts of the Mulberry harbour were built there, and it became an important landing-craft base and jumping-off point for the invasion of Normandy.

Since the area was de-requisitioned a London syndicate, Richborough Estates Limited, has taken over the port and intends to develop it with an eye to capturing some of the coastal and Continental trade that now goes to London—bricks from Belgium, timber from Scandinavia, etc., brought in ships of 500 to 1,200 tons. They also want to develop Richborough as an industrial area: there already are plans for considerable factory building and for a power station to be completed by 1960; and an American firm making antibiotics and fine chemicals has spent 2,000,000 dollars on plant and buildings.

There is a large reserve of labour in the area, a fair proportion of which is now unemployed (the rate for the Isle of Thanet is the fifth highest in the country), and it is hoped that the development of Richborough will bring new life to this corner of South-East England.

AN ANCIENT DISUSED PORT IS REOPENED: This is the quayside of Richborough harbour, which lies on the Stour between Ramsgate and Sandwich. Last week it was officially reopened when the motor barge *Success* sailed out of the harbour for an East Coast port. The harbour was last in use during the war; part of Mulberry was built there, and it was used as a landing-craft base.

On right—

A WHARF IN THE MAKING: At this site a wharf will be constructed by the London company which plans to develop Richborough as an industrial centre as well as a small-ship port.

AN EXCAVATOR AT WORK: A storage shed is being cleared at the quayside. Many of the buildings housing unused Government stores have partially collapsed but the new owners have been clearing the site.

WORK IN PROGRESS: This wharf site is being cleared and rebuilt. Plans for development of Richborough, nearly half of which is marshland, include building factories and a power station. In the Isle of Thanet area there is also a considerable reserve of labour due to a fairly large percentage of unemployment.

LOOKING TOWARDS RAMSGATE: This is a view of the near-derelict port which is being revived by a London company. They control about 600 acres of the area.

A RARE OCCURRENCE FOR THE UNITED STATES SIXTH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN : Heavy units of the Fleet assembled in formation for special aerial photographs taken by fighter planes and helicopters. Nearest the camera in this picture is the aircraft-carrier *Randolph*, and, on its starboard side, the heavy cruiser *Salem*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Thomas S. Combs, C.-in-C., Sixth Fleet. It was the C.-in-C. who, knowing that the warships were in close proximity, decided that they should rendezvous for the taking of aerial photographs.

STEAMING THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN : Led by a destroyer, the three cruisers in the centre line are, from left, U.S.S. *Roanoke*, flagship of Rear-Admiral E. E. Yeomans, Commander Cruiser Division Four ; U.S.S. *Salem* and U.S.S. *Baltimore*. Third ship in line astern of *Baltimore* is the escort aircraft-carrier *Mindoro*, flagship of Rear-Admiral Frank O'Beirne, Commander Carrier Division 18. Steaming to the left of the row of cruisers is the attack aircraft-carrier *Midway*, flagship of Rear-Admiral A. K. Morehouse, Commander Carrier Division 4. On the extreme right of the picture is the attack aircraft-carrier *Randolph*.

A ROVING FLEET FORMS UP

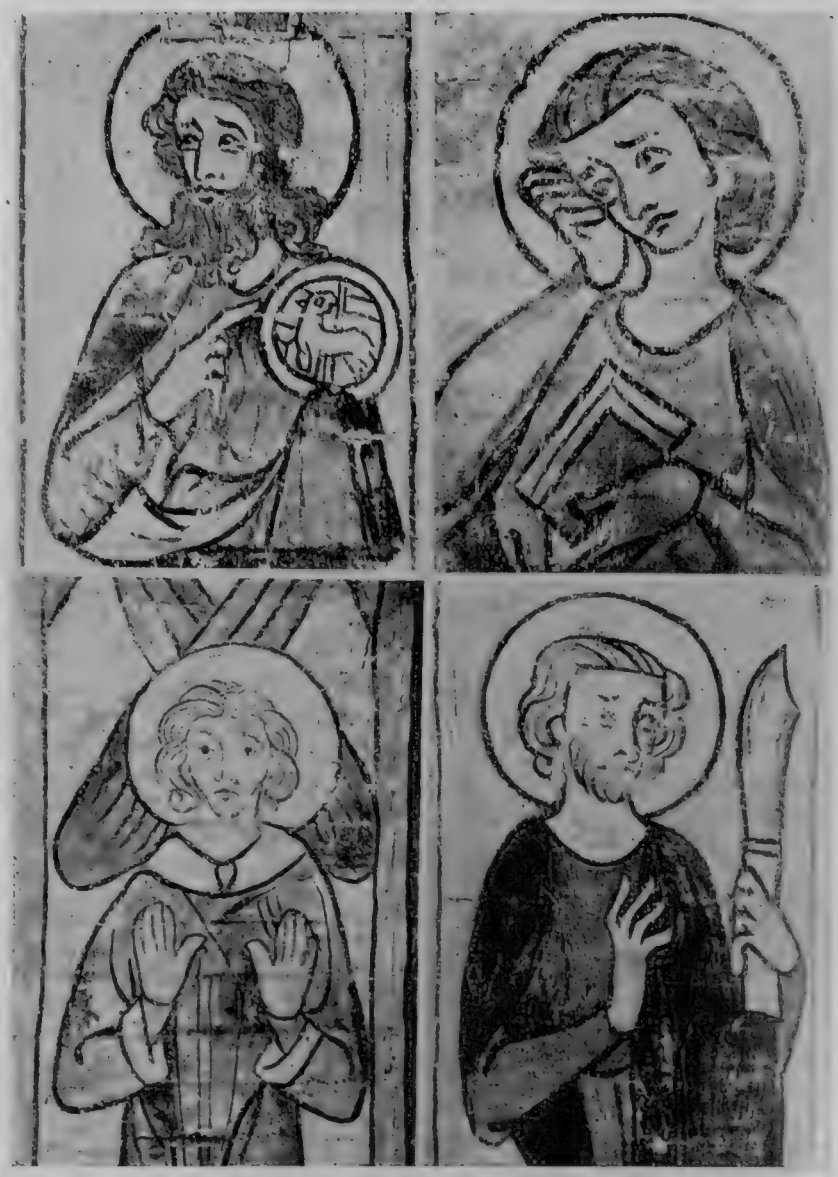
Units of the United States Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean Assemble for Special Aerial Photographs—First Pictures of the Entire Fleet in Formation

The United States Sixth Fleet, an augmented fast carrier task force which has been assigned to the Mediterranean Sea area since the end of the Second World War, operates over a widely scattered area and individual units rarely join up and act in a single combined formation. Recently, it so happened that the various forces and groups of the Fleet were operating in areas of relatively close proximity, most units of the Sixth Fleet having reported to the Mediterranean from the Atlantic Fleet only a short time before. The weather, which had been changeable and uncertain throughout the earlier part of the year, had improved, and visibility was particularly good. In view of these circumstances the Fleet Commander, Vice-Admiral Thomas S. Combs, decided to attempt for the first time the photographing from the air of the entire Fleet in formation. The assembly of the various units could be accomplished at this particular time with virtually no dislocation. Ships of various types and force commands were, therefore, brought together for a period of approximately two hours on a bright Sunday morning and the accompanying pictures were made by fighter planes from the carrier *Midway*, and three helicopters from *Midway*, *Randolph* and *Salem*.

The Sixth Fleet has no shore base in the Mediterranean. It is a completely mobile, seagoing Fleet and is continuously on the move, alternating between training exercises at sea and calls at various Mediterranean ports. It is almost entirely self-sustaining, and its schedule is designed to keep the Fleet in a condition of peak readiness to meet any emergency

On left—
WARSHIPS OF ALL SIZES : The ships seen in this picture include aircraft-carriers, cruisers, destroyers and supply ships.

SOME OF THE 700-YEAR-OLD MURALS IN A LUEBECK CHURCH, NOW ALLEGED TO BE FORGERIES : Four of the frescoe wall-paintings in the famous St. Mary's Church, Luebeck, which a forty-one-year-old artist claims to have painted himself. The artist, and three other men, are now on trial for forgery.



FOUR MORE OF THE FRESCOES IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH : The trial of the four m... alleged to be concerned in the faking is expected to be a lengthy affa..., and eighty-seven witnesses, including many prominent art experts, are to b... called. When it first opened, an objection to the jury caused a postponement.

A FORGERY TRIAL IN LUEBECK

Frescoes in a Famous Church in the North German City are now Thought to be Faked

THE TWIN GOTHIC TOWERS OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LUEBECK : The Medieval Church is still without its high needle-pointed roofs, which were destroyed by bombs during the war.

THREE OF THE MEN ON TRIAL FOR FAKING : On the left is Lothar Malskat, the forty-one-year-old artist who claims to have painted the frescoes, and next to him is his counsel for defence, Dr. Willi Flottrong. The man wearing glasses, and with his arms folded, in the centre of the picture, is Theo Bernhard Dietrich-Dirschau, another artist, and in front of him sits Dietrich Fey, an art restorer.

When Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, attended the seventh centenary celebrations of St. Mary's Church, Luebeck, in 1951, and personally congratulated the four craftsmen on their work in uncovering the frescoes, he could have had little intimation that three years later the affair would loom up as one of the biggest art scandals since the Van Meegeren forgeries in Holland.

Fragments of frescoes were discovered in the church after a bomb had fallen near it during the war, and shortly after, in 1945, the four men on trial were commissioned to uncover and restore the murals. This they accomplished, and art experts who travelled from many parts of the world to see the restorations were unanimous in their admiration. Some of these experts will be called to give evidence during the trial.

Then, in 1952, came the bombshell. Malskat, one of the artists, told the public prosecutor that he himself had painted the frescoes, and that his action was meant as a protest against the lack of recognition of living artists and exaggerated admiration of Old Masters. He later claimed to have faked restorations in ten other German churches.

The trial got off to a bad start, when, on the first day, objection was made against the judges and the jury, because, it was alleged, all lived in or near Luebeck, and were considered to be too involved in the controversy to be unbiased. The court rejected this objection, and then Malskat lodged an appeal which caused an adjournment.

THE FINAL TEST

The Vagaries of the Weather Gave the Pakistan Cricketers a Long-Overdue Slice of Fortune and had English Batsmen Struggling on a Spiteful Wicket

EVANS IN TREMENDOUS FORM: The England wicketkeeper taking a catch of typical brilliance on the leg side to dismiss Fazal Mahmood in Pakistan's first innings. With his third catch on that day Evans passed W. A. Oldfield's record of dismissing 130 Test batsmen.

THIS YEAR'S SUMMER: A bitter reflection on the disastrous effects of the weather on cricket during what should have been the second day's play of the final Test at the Oval. A rainstorm on the previous evening, and more rain the following morning, turned the ground into a series of small lakes. Of sixteen days which had been allotted for Test matches this year, all play was made impossible on no fewer than seven.

THE UNTIRING BOWLER: Fazal Mahmood, who bowled throughout England's first innings to take six wickets.

CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS: Hanif Mohammad, Pakistan's opening batsman, being caught by Graveney at first slip off Wardle in Pakistan's second innings. Also in the picture are, from left, McConnon, May and Evans. Hanif began Pakistan's second innings by hitting four boundaries and a three off the five overs sent down by England's fast bowlers. He was, however, immediately in trouble against Wardle's spinners.

The cricketers from Pakistan, making their first tour of this country, have in all conscience enjoyed little enough luck this summer. The weather has been unkind, and when play was possible in the Test matches they had, as often as not, the worst of the wicket. It was, therefore, not too soon that what little luck remained should have come the way of the tourists in the final Test match at the Oval. That they did not derive the advantage they might have may be attributed to a lack of experience which these cheerful and welcome visitors to England will surely make up for as their acquaintance with international cricket grows.

In their first innings the Pakistan batsmen seemed impotent against the fast bowling of England's new men, Tyson and Loader. There followed yet another blank day, the result of a series of torrential downpours, and when England resumed their first innings on the third day they met Pakistan, for the first time, on an unpleasant wicket. From the start it was apparent that only the best batsmen could survive for long under the conditions; and after an enterprising but brief stay by Hutton, it turned out that only Compton and May could be numbered among the best on that day. Fazal Mahmood, untiring as ever, bowled throughout the innings and captured six wickets. But, well as he performed, the effectiveness of Wardle in Pakistan's second innings showed that the youngest cricketing country still lacked spin bowlers with enough experience to exploit unpleasant conditions to the full.

A FINE CATCH BY KARDAR: The Pakistan captain, normally a left-hander, taking a good right-handed catch to dismiss May off Fazal's bowling for twenty-six.

COMPTON HITS OUT: The ball flies beyond the outstretched hands of Alimuddin during the period in England's first innings when Compton hit out at anything. Also behind the wicket are Imtiaz Ahmed (keeper) and Fazal Mahmood. Evans is seen calling for the run, and at right is the bowler, Mahmud Husain.

The Sphere of Travel

WESTWARDS IN SEARCH OF WARMTH AND SUNSHINE

Cruising to the Caribbean and South America for Winter Holidays

THIS article must, alas, start with a warning: a warning about possible disappointed hopes. For each year, since the war, many potential travellers casting their eyes in search of winter sunshine amidst the islands of the West Indies have found, in effect, that it has been impossible, or at least extremely difficult, to arrange for suitable transportation by sea there and back. And this regrettable position still persists, for passages on the regular shipping services are usually booked up fully for months in advance. It is true that you can fly to the Spanish Main more easily, but then many of those persons seeking the kind of rest and relaxation afforded by the Caribbean consider a sea voyage as part of their holiday and would, therefore, much prefer to make the journey in leisurely fashion.

Having given this rather negative advice to those who think of spending a holiday on one or other of the West Indian islands, I will turn to a brighter aspect, namely, the sea cruise or round voyage, usually by modern freighter, which has now become a very popular form of restful journeying. These modern freighters afford, indeed, excellent accommodation, while the life on board is more informal than that on passenger liners. But, again, it is advisable to book passages well in advance, remembering, incidentally, that these cargo boats do not always run to a fixed time-table. Some people may find this inconvenient, but it cannot be otherwise, for it is the cargo on these ships which is the prime consideration.

For these round voyages by freighter, there is quite a fair selection from which to choose. There is, for instance, a twelve–thirteen weeks sea tour by Dutch freighters, carrying 460 1st-class passengers, to Caribbean and Mexican Gulf ports, usually including Havana, Vera Cruz, New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Curacao, Maracaibo, Aruba, Pto. Sucre, Pampatar, Carupano, Georgetown and Trinidad. Fares from and to the United Kingdom are £315 to £395, according to accommodation and vessel.

Two other attractive freighter tours are a six- to eight-weeks voyage which takes you to Kingston (Jamaica) direct, or via Trinidad and Barbados, returning a week or so later from Port Antonio, accommodation being provided at the two delightful hotels—Mar-Vista, Montego Bay, and the Titchfield, Port Antonio; and by Dutch freighter, usually calling at Madeira, Azores, Barbados, Trinidad, Paramaribo and Demerara—duration about six-seven weeks. In the former case the inclusive cost is from 200 to 250 guineas, and in the latter £220 to £325.

For those preferring luxury liner travel, there are also two recommended opportunities: by French boat to Vigo, Pointe-à-Pitre, Fort-de-France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Curacao, Cartagena and Kingston—a round trip taking just over a month and calling at each port on both the outward and homeward journeys; and by the S.S. *Empress of Scotland*, also on a month's cruise to the West Indies.

Although, as I have stated, it is not easy to get direct passages to and from the West Indies from the United Kingdom, there is a far better chance of getting there by the more roundabout route, via the United States. Full information about the sailings and cruises is best obtained from travel agents specialising in sea travel, such as Informal Travels (45, Queensway, London, W.2), Wakefield Fortune Ltd. (32, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1), and Cook's. Then, for details concerning accommodation on the islands, I would advise you to get in touch with Benson's Motorways Ltd. (85, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1).

Speaking personally, my own particular zest for seeking out secluded paradises entices me to the Ile-de-Quartre in the Grenadines, a group of 600 small islands. In this islet-chain, extending all the way from St. Vincent down to Grenada in the Lesser Antilles, the largest, by name Carriacou, is known as the best of all places to find "oysters growing on trees," a phenomenon advertised in tourist folders for the West Indies. The molluscs cling to the roots of mangrove trees in the shallow waters of a harbour called Grand Carenage.

About Ile-de-Quartre, however, you will seek in vain for any official tourist information, and it is not even listed in Webster's *Geographical Dictionary*. Perhaps that is why I long to go there, and more especially because an adventurous friend of mine found his way recently to this Crusoe-style spot, which he told me satisfied the dream of a lifetime.

For three weeks he enjoyed escapist living—at a cost of 1s. 6d. a day, his expenditure being on cornmeal, condensed milk, sugar, honey, flour, lard, matches and cheese. These items were eked out with island fruits (cultivated varieties, but grown wild) like sugar-apples, sapodillas, limes, guavas, coconuts, sea-grapes, Jamaica and hog-plums and cactus fruit. Whelks were the only seafood he sampled, but there were turtle, crabs, sea eggs, sprats and sea coconuts, too.

Not everybody, I am well aware, could stand such a life; you have to be a fool or a human being. On the Ile-de-Quartre there is no accommodation of any kind to be rented. My friend, in fact, had to build for himself a palm-leaf hut, made mats and bags from palm, utensils from gourds and coconuts, cutlery from the green "jelly" palm, and so on. He was fortunate, however, in getting a Boy Friday to help him, charging 1s. 6d. a day for his labours.

Not everything is rosy, perhaps, on "Paradise Island." There are dangerous and even deadly plants, and "Jack Spaniards," wasp-like insects that teem on the pastures, are a pest. Mosquitoes, fortunately, are rare and the green lizards are harmless, but as a protection against snakes I shall carry a cutlass. In fact, as you may have guessed, I am already travel-scheming: to get away, if only for a brief time, from the madding crowd, to nibble once again my blade of grass, to listen in solitude to the ocean, to smell the red earth, with a sense—maybe futile, but certainly exhilarating—that I am on the verge of overhearing a truth, of catching an undertone about the real art of living.

To return again to sea voyages with more practical appeal, I turn now to South America. You can travel to the Brazilian ports of Rio de Janeiro and Santos by either the Royal Mail Lines or the Blue Star Line,

ON THE BEACH AT NASSAU, IN THE BAHAMAS: This stretch of coast is in front of the British Colonial Hotel. For holiday-makers who wish to "fly to the Spanish Main more easily," B.O.A.C. operate a weekly Stratocruiser service between London, Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica (Montego Bay, with connections for Kingston).

and there is the facility that return tickets are interchangeable between these two services. Then, in the case of those passengers who wish to make Buenos Aires their terminal port, there is an arrangement by which they can use the ship as their hotel while in port. For the west coast of South America, there are the regular sailings by the fine ships of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Once again, however, I must state that there can be difficulties in securing accommodation on some of these regular services.

There are, however, opportunities for making round voyages to South America, in luxury, by various freighters. There are, for instance, quite frequent sailings by Dutch, Scandinavian and German boats to the South Pacific ports, such as Lalibertad and Guayaguil in Ecuador, Trujillo and Callao in Perus, and Arica, Iquique, Mejillones, Antofagasta and Valparaiso in Chile. On the east coast of South America you can also travel by a new British freighter (Saint Line) to Brazilian ports, such as Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Rio Grande do Sul, Porto Alegre, thence to Montevideo and generally to Buenos Aires in the Argentine, sometimes with calls at River Plate ports. The ship is used as hotel throughout the voyage. The round voyage to the Pacific ports takes ten to thirteen weeks; to the eastern coast about twelve weeks. There is also an excellent Italian passenger service to Buenos Aires and back, the cost being only £137. It can be recommended.

A pleasant combination of the two freighter journeys I have just mentioned can be made by travelling out in one direction to Buenos Aires, then making the interesting railway journey of forty hours across the great Argentine Plains and over the mighty Andes to Valparaiso, and returning back home via the Pacific route, or vice versa. The duration of such a trip would be about ten weeks, and the average inclusive cost £350.

Other steamship lines serving South America are the Dodero, Rotterdam South American, and the French Fabre Line. These are all passenger vessels, and their aim is speedy travel, with corresponding high daily cost.

My final suggestion is the unusual voyage of fifty-three days' duration by the Booth Line vessels, *Hilary* and *Hildebrand*, which takes you a thousand miles up the Amazon to Manaos. Calls are made on the way at Oporto, Lisbon, Madeira, Canary Islands, Barbados, Trinidad and Belem. The 1st-class fares are from £270 (*Hilary*) and £290 (*Hildebrand*). The sailings are in mid-October, January, December and February.

Gordon Cooper.

RELAXING IN THE SUN AT THE TOWER ISLE HOTEL AND BEACH, KINGSTON, JAMAICA: In his article, Gordon Cooper gives a choice of several freighter tours to the West Indies, which take several weeks and which have now become popular forms of travel, ensuring restful journeying. He advises early booking.

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A HAPPY SIGN OF SUMMER

A. A. Thomson's "Cricket My Happiness," makes Good Summer Reading for All Who Appreciate the Game; and other New Publications

WHATEVER the weather, it's summer, and of all the happy—and so far immutable—signs of English summer, cricket is the chief, so that every really informed book about cricket comes as a happy portent. Sometimes these books may be nostalgic reviews of the innings of old giants; sometimes they may treat of very recent tourneys, but always, if they have the real stuff of the great game in them, they are as welcome as the flowers in August.

Mr. A. A. Thomson, for instance, who was born a Scot but was brought up in that great cricket county, Yorkshire, has followed the game since he was a small boy in 1902, and his new volume of reminiscences, CRICKET MY HAPPINESS (Museum. 21s. 6d.), will be a joy to his contemporaries, a revelation to those who share his enthusiasm but not all his experience, and a splendid book to read for anyone at all who appreciates cricket, whether Test, county or village green. Mr. Thomson has known and followed the great game since his extreme youth and appears to have brought up his own young in the proper way.

When C. B. Fry, who has written the scholarly and appreciative introduction, asked what the new book was about, the author answered that it had no special text except that "Cricket is for enjoyment and that cricketers understand it better than critics." Which, I suppose, leaves cricketing critics nowhere, except that this particular one enjoyed the book immensely, and would like to recommend it to others.

If there should ever be a hiatus after a dinner-party when the male is segregated from the female guest, and conversation is going a little stickily in the drawing-room, I can picture at least one guest who would liven things up extraordinarily. "Do tell me," a hostess might inquire of Mrs. Eugenie Clark, for instance, "what do you do as a hobby?" And Mrs. Clark might answer, if she were ever ashore long enough for that kind of party, "I swim about under water in many parts of the world—and look at fishes."

LADY WITH A SPEAR (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a book of Mrs. Clark's reminiscences, and pretty hair-raising it is even, I should suppose, to fellow-ichthyologists who haven't her handy way with a live moray eel or a barracuda. It is also extremely exciting to the lay, or dry-footed, reader and encyclopædic in its information about the species of shark that might attack the deeper-sea student.

TIC-POLONGA (Museum. 12s. 6d.) is a deadly snake in Ceylon, and Mr. Russ Anderton has chosen it for the title of his book of adventures because, he tells us, it is no more lethal than the passion a man may have for the finding of precious stones. The writer is an American whose quest took him, after his war service, from the United States to India and Colombo, and back again, this time to South America, to one of the oldest emerald-mines in the world, in the Andes. The quest for jewels is a romantic and unusual theme, but it is subordinate here to a story of contraband, shooting, permits, bad cooking and domestic reorganisation, told with vitality and incoherence in equal parts, but still a man's story.

The great thing about writing, it often occurs to non-writers, is that they can write wherever they are, don't have to clock in or out, and can arrange their own time schedules. Even with wars and currency tie-ups this has still been more or less true, the only small requirement being an ability to write, as distinct from a more general ability to travel, or more simply—loaf. So American and English and European writers continue to divert us with novels and memoirs set in all parts of the world, and eternally may it continue, for surely there is nothing as salutary to a Londoner's complacence as a Dutch, or a Yorkshire view, or as illuminating to the chairbound as an Ethiopian, say, view of the Welsh?

There are also, of course, the close-focussed views of the English on the English, or the New Englanders on the New Englanders, but in the meantime we have Mr. Christopher Veiel's novel, INTRIGUE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), clever, fresh and yet indefinably thirty-ish, about an English girl, brought up in St. Tropez, an English peer, brought up where you would suppose, a Genevan setting and a great deal of love, lust and local *mœurs*. It is all, in fact, highly entertaining and civilised, not particularly edifying, and very human. In spite of odd incursions of American jargon: "He handled most of her clothing problems" where "he bought most of her clothes" might have done, Mr. Veiel is evidently on his way to being a deservedly recognised author.

AN AUTHOR DEFENDS HIS BOOK: Lord Russell of Liverpool is seen reading his newly-published book *The Scourge of the Swastika* (Cassell. 15s.), which has caused concern in official quarters. Rather than suppress it in accordance with the Lord Chancellor's wishes, Lord Russell has resigned from his office as an Assistant Judge-Advocate-General. He was senior legal adviser to the Rhine Army C.-in-C. at the time of the post-war trials, and has prepared his volume from the published records. It is thought the publication of the book might have some effect upon current policy, especially on the subject of German rearmament.

CYPRIAN SHORE (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Anthony Rushworth's novel about a young Englishman visiting Cyprus for the first time, his objects a holiday with an aunt and uncle, and the research for a thesis on Aphrodite whom, above all others in the Greek hierarchy, he reveres. Idealists, but never the normally receptive reader, will be pained to learn that he discovers nothing about the exact spot where the goddess rose from the waves, but a considerable amount about love, sacred or profane, and the more or less pathetic nesting habits of the English expatriate spinster. A thoughtful, sensitive book, and one which shows a quite exceptional sense of observation in a new, and presumably young writer.

Corfu is the scene of Mr. Francis King's new novel, THE DARK GLASSES (Longmans. 10s. 6d.), a gloomy but undeniably clever story of an invertebrate English husband, a Greek wife who manages to retain a severe respectability in spite of her love for another man, and a very young brother and sister, to whom the married couple unwittingly bring tragedy. Mr. King can certainly write, well enough to make the reader follow every page not only with attention but with expectation, and he succeeds in giving a haunting picture of the country itself; but the book as a whole left me with a feeling of disappointment, not in the least connected with the fate of the characters, which I could not persuade myself mattered, but at the temporary waste of a very real talent.

Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes writes about London in general and an English theatrical custom in particular, in THE ROYAL BOX (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), which is one of those novels, constructed on the *San Luis Rey* principle of a number of sub-plots connected and exposed by a single dramatic event, but at considerably greater length. Indeed, the characters in Mrs. Keyes' saga, ambassadors, foreign envoys, American diplomats, brash ex-chorus girls, effete aristocrats, Old Lady Cobley and all, take so many words to express themselves in what purports to be normal conversation that I found the whole plot very difficult to credit or, worse still, follow. I know Mrs. Keyes has a deserved reputation for great popularity as a novel writer: I can only suppose that her thousands of fans accept a convention of speeches between eleven and seventeen lines long as being normal usage in London, or any other society.

MARK LAMBERT'S SUPPER (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a first novel by Mr. J. I. M. Stewart, who has also written detective stories—and excellent they have been—under the name of Michael Innes. I believe that Mr. Stewart is in fact an Oxford don, a Lecturer in English Literature, which may account for his desire to add to the number of English novels, but not necessarily for his predilection for adjectives, which in some passages are at least two to a line. But perhaps I am in too statistical a mood.

In any case, Mr. Stewart has a good story to tell and a great number of scholarly disquisitions to make in its telling. I relished the candidly old-fashioned *dénouement* with its atmosphere of old letters, mistaken parentage and averted threat of brother-sister love, and enjoyed the Edwardian propriety of the love scenes: "Do you hear, sir? Off with you! Shoo!" But such trimmings aside, I enjoyed the novel far more for the brilliance of its thought than for its personalities.

Miss Winifred Duke knows her Scottish characters and, so far as her new novel is a proof, knows her East Coast fishing ports equally well. THE CHEAP-FAIR (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is not, therefore, a story set in the Garden of England as a casual glance might suppose, but a fairly grim tale of fairly grim, but always recognisably human creatures living some hundreds of miles to the north. I found it informative rather than enjoyable and can only congratulate the author on making such a well-knit and credible story out of material so unpromising. But Miss Duke is a craftsman, and that is saying a very great deal.

Two American stories complete this week's list, of which the first is Mr. John Sedges' novel of drama in the beautiful state of Vermont. VOICES IN THE HOUSE (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) has much to recommend it, in its sober style, its sustained interest and the unexpectedness of its climax. I enjoyed it thoroughly and, on reflection, more for its sound and subtle character-drawing than for its scenes of action.

FIDDLER'S GREEN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is one of those adventure stories that, it seems, Mr. Ernest Gann is able to do remarkably well, as he showed in *The High and The Mighty*. The present tale is of deep-sea fishermen off the Pacific coast of California; their hardiness, the dangers they perpetually face from sea and weather, and the toughness and simplicity of their lives. It has excitement, real suspense, and hardly a wasted word in its narration.

CHICAGO

A Mid-Western Journalist Surveys America's Second City

Exactly 150 years ago the U.S. frontier post of Fort Dearborn was established on a swampy plain where the wild onion grew, and eight years later its garrison was massacred by the Indians. That is how Chicago began, and it has roughly gone on the same way ever since. Chicago came into being despite the menace of Blackhawk and his warriors, and soon it became an Indian town where pelts, furs, guns and blankets, knives, hatchets, vermilion and whisky were the principal commodities of commerce, and Indians were the chief customers. Emmett Dedmon, a Mid-Western journalist with a flair for history, cannot resist calling his story of America's second city FABULOUS CHICAGO (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.), and perhaps for once that currently overworked adjective is in its rightful place. From those Indian days, Mr. Dedmon sweeps forward with this exciting narrative of a city in the making. He records the rising tide of commerce in the '30's of the last century, when desolate, rich young bachelors who had made their fortunes in the Mid-West flocked to Chicago pier to catch the girls as they landed from the Buffalo and Detroit steamers. Swiftly the houses and buildings went up in the new city of the lakes, fortunes were made in quick time, and men like George Pullman, one of the city's first big contractors, William Butler Ogden, the Yankee who became Chicago's first mayor and built 100 miles of streets, and Potter Palmer, who made his fortune in dry goods, soon came to dominate the commercial scene. All sorts and conditions of men and women flocked in to get the easy money that Chicago offered. There was Charles T. Yerkes, the traction magnate, who poured an almost ceaseless stream of graft into the City Hall; there was Big Bill Thompson, elected on a reform ticket, who demoralised the courts and paved the way for the coming of Al Capone and his hoodlums, that same Capone who controlled the ballot boxes of the notorious Cicero district by force of arms. Here and there are bright patches in the pattern, but for the most part Chicago has always revealed her blackest side to the stranger, and Mr. Dedmon has certainly not attempted to do any unnecessary whitewashing. Chicago is still a city of turbulence and violence, but it is a city, too, that has produced fine poets, painters and artists, and in the fulness of time Mr. Dedmon sees her cloaked in a new maturity. On that note he concludes this racy, well-knit and fully documented survey.

The secret of Humanism lies in Christianity, but Christianity without Humanism has no secret. That is, in broad outline, the proposition that Paul Roche puts to us in his enchanting parable O PALE GALILEAN (Harvill Press. 10s. 6d.). The setting is a seminary outside Rome. It is the story of a student's search for God, the tussle of good and evil within the human frame. The author stresses all through the book the importance of "Balance," which he symbolises as a satyr, whom the devil bribes to enter the body of the sanctimonious student Raphael. The battle between Gisco the Satyr and the goody good Raphael, both consciously inhabiting the same body, is alternatively humorous and moving. Gisco, pleasure-loving but not wicked, begins to sense the emptiness of unrelieved indulgence, and Raphael begins to feel that his aura of saintliness may appear to some as an aura of priggishness. Paul Roche has certainly succeeded in this most difficult medium of allegory.

Another new novel with a religious theme is Colonel Rémy's THE MESSENGER (Arthur Barker. 9s. 6d.), a first novel by an author who has revealed a rare gift for autobiography. *The Messenger* is the story of a mission undertaken by a young priest to the lands behind the Iron Curtain in order to bring the succour of religion to Christians long deprived of the rites of their faith. Gerard's capture in Hungary, and his battle with the Chief of Police, a battle really for his half-submerged soul, certainly make this a tale of burning intention. No less certainly it has the authentic touch.

IN A COUNTRY PARSON'S SHOES (Skeffington. 9s. 6d.) recounts the daily round of a parish priest. The author calls himself "Pilgrim." Many readers will find pleasure in his gentle and reflective thoughts, and they will reflect, too, no doubt on the great part a priest can play in the modern-day village community.

To kill Hitler, Air Commodore Clouston, the great pioneer of the New Zealand and Cape air routes, was offered £1,000,000 by a Jewish syndicate, his mission being to fly over peacetime Germany and exterminate at a ceremonial parade the man who was systematically exterminating Jewry. All Clouston had to do was to make for Unter den Linden and drop two specially prepared bombs on the Führer and his entourage. Clouston refused, because he had no desire to be a mercenary. He tells this tale in his book of reminiscences, THE DANGEROUS SKIES (Cassell. 13s. 6d.). His record-breaking in pre-war days and his wartime researches are other highlights of a grand piece of autobiography.

THE YALU FLOWS (Harvill Press. 10s. 6d.) is the autobiography of a Korean boy. It is not a war book. Mirok Li, who came to work as a doctor in Europe between the wars, writes of his youth in his homeland with charm and simplicity. The translation is by H. A. Hammelmann.

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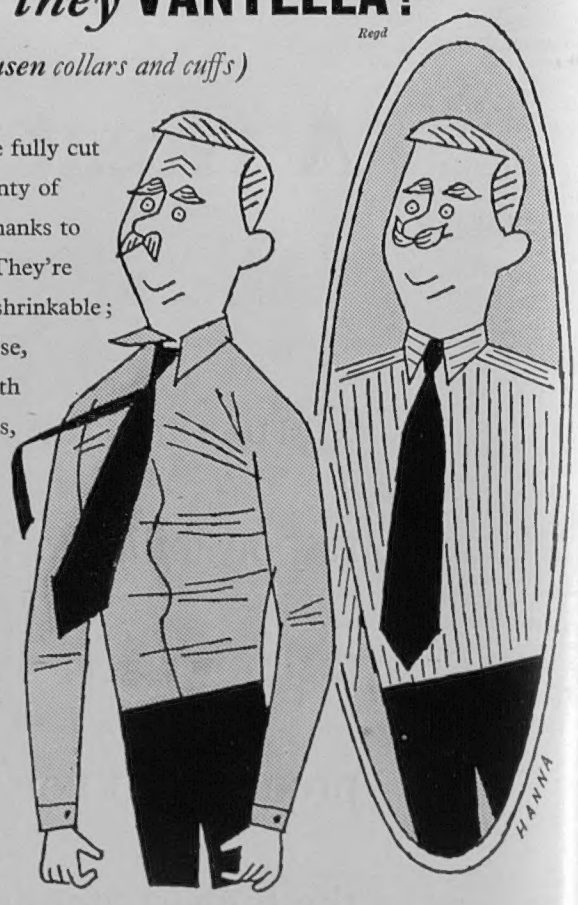

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

FORE! How many times this warning will be heard on British golf courses during the coming autumn cannot be calculated. I find no reason for thinking golf is on the wane. On the contrary, I have had more enquiries than ever respecting golfing holidays by sea, moor, in hillside country and on fens.

In the course of my travels the rattle of golf clubs, the sound of a clean iron shot, the note of exaltation as a tricky putt was holed, has reverberated in my ears. Perhaps I can help you find an hotel where golf is a major pursuit.

Overseas visitors, Americans in particular, have that urge to play over The Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews, and though it is possible to stay in the town itself, I personally would choose Lundin Links Hotel, twelve miles away, where, by the shore of the Firth of Forth, one can reside without extravagance, enjoy good food and wine in an hotel which has the benefit of the personal touch (for many years it has been in the ownership of resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. A. Muriset), and here, too, one can play over the eighteen-hole Lundin Links course which, for the "Rabbit," is not as frightening as driving off the first tee of St. Andrews.

With such a wealth of golf courses in Scotland it is difficult to single out this or that place, but hotels that I often recommend from a comfort and proximity angle to golf are: The Marine and The Royal Hotels at North Berwick, Greywalls at Gullane (adjoining Muirfield), The Golf View and Newton Hotels, Nairn, Southwick House Hotel and Paul Jones Hotel, for the Southerness Golf Course by the Solway, and, of course, the Marine, Troon, encircled as it is by first-class courses.

Seaside courses have, for the most part, a porous soil, and to combine this virtue with the minimum of wet weather, the Norfolk coast is prominent in the picture. In this respect The Dormy House, Brancaster, is a favourite, and the venue of golfing societies in autumn and again in spring. They play over either the Royal West Norfolk course, a quarter of a mile down the road, or over the Hunstanton course, about eight miles away. Coming southward, Aldeburgh (Wentworth Hotel) and Frinton (Grand Hotel) are golf strongholds and need no introduction, just a reminder.

Londoners on golfing holiday bent can look southward as well as eastward, and the Kentish coast line is rich with good golf courses. In the Isle of Thanet note The Beresford at Birchington, which would appeal to anyone with a car wishful of indulging in an orgy of first-class golf, with North Foreland, Deal, Sandwich and Princes to choose from. West of Folkestone brings us to Hythe, where the sporting eighteen-hole course in the Imperial Hotel grounds is a reminder that The Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, and Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, all offer similar free facilities for their residents.

Sussex is not behind other districts in catering for golfers. For anyone wanting a combination of seaside and country golf I suggest White Friars Hotel, near Herstmonceux, or Moor Hall Hotel, Ninfield, as bases for Cooden and Highwood Links, and inland, The Crest Hotel, Crowborough, for the Crowborough links, both first-class in what they provide. The Crest, Crowborough, can also serve as a dormy house for the Royal Ashdown Forest links at Forest Row, though for anyone who wishes to be nearer, I suggest The Roebuck at Wych Cross.

Bournemouth fills many roles, not the least being its possibilities as a golf centre. Two municipal courses, plus Parkstone, Broadstone, Barton-on-Sea and Ferndown, to name four others. For suggested headquarters choose from, in Bournemouth, The Carlton, Tollard Royal, Bourne Hall, Crag Head, and at Ferndown the luxury Dormy Hotel, or the smaller Whincroft Hotel with its club environment.

Whether it is a good thing to combine scenery with playing golf is a moot point. Certainly it is a drawback to the high-handicap player with a tendency to lift his head! It is hard, for example, not to admire the scenery at Newport links, on the Pembrokeshire coast. (Stay at Llwyngwair Country House Hotel.)

Turning to Devon—Saunton Sands and Westward Ho! are the two premier courses in North Devon. Each offers good hotel accommodation at Saunton Sands Hotel, and the Dormy House, Westward Ho! In South Devon golf is free to residents at a number of Torquay's leading hotels, while for those who seek holiday golf elsewhere, I suggest as hotels: The Links, Budleigh Salterton; Oldway Links Hotel, Paignton, and the Victoria Hotel, Sidmouth.

The above covers but a fringe of the country, for wherever I travel, the mechanical caddy and fluttering flags are never far away. I recall to mind golf being much in evidence when I revisited Raven Hall Hotel, Scarborough, another hotel with its own links, and the lovely Petwood Hotel, at Woodhall Spa, in Lincolnshire. I could not escape from the golfer in Ireland even if I wanted to. Very prominent were they at The Great Northern Hotel, Bundoran, and Yeats Country House Hotel at Rosses Point. I envied those staying at The Slieve Donard Hotel at Newcastle, Co. Down, for the mountains of Mourne form an impressive background. I spotted golf-clubs, too, at Ardnagashel House, near Bantry, whose guests forgather on the nine-hole course at Glengariff.

Other hotels, recognising the "pull" of the game, give an indication of their nearness to courses in their brochures—e.g., Pontoon Bridge Hotel, Foxford, Co. Mayo, says: "Golf—10 miles," and The Haven Hotel, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford, informs us that there is golf at Waterford or Tramore—8 miles.

Perhaps one of the most impressive backgrounds, though, is that of the Castletown Hotel golf links in the Isle of Man, where the first tee and the eighteenth green are "on the doorstep."

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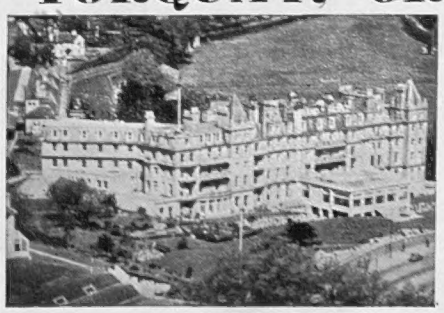

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